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LONDON,

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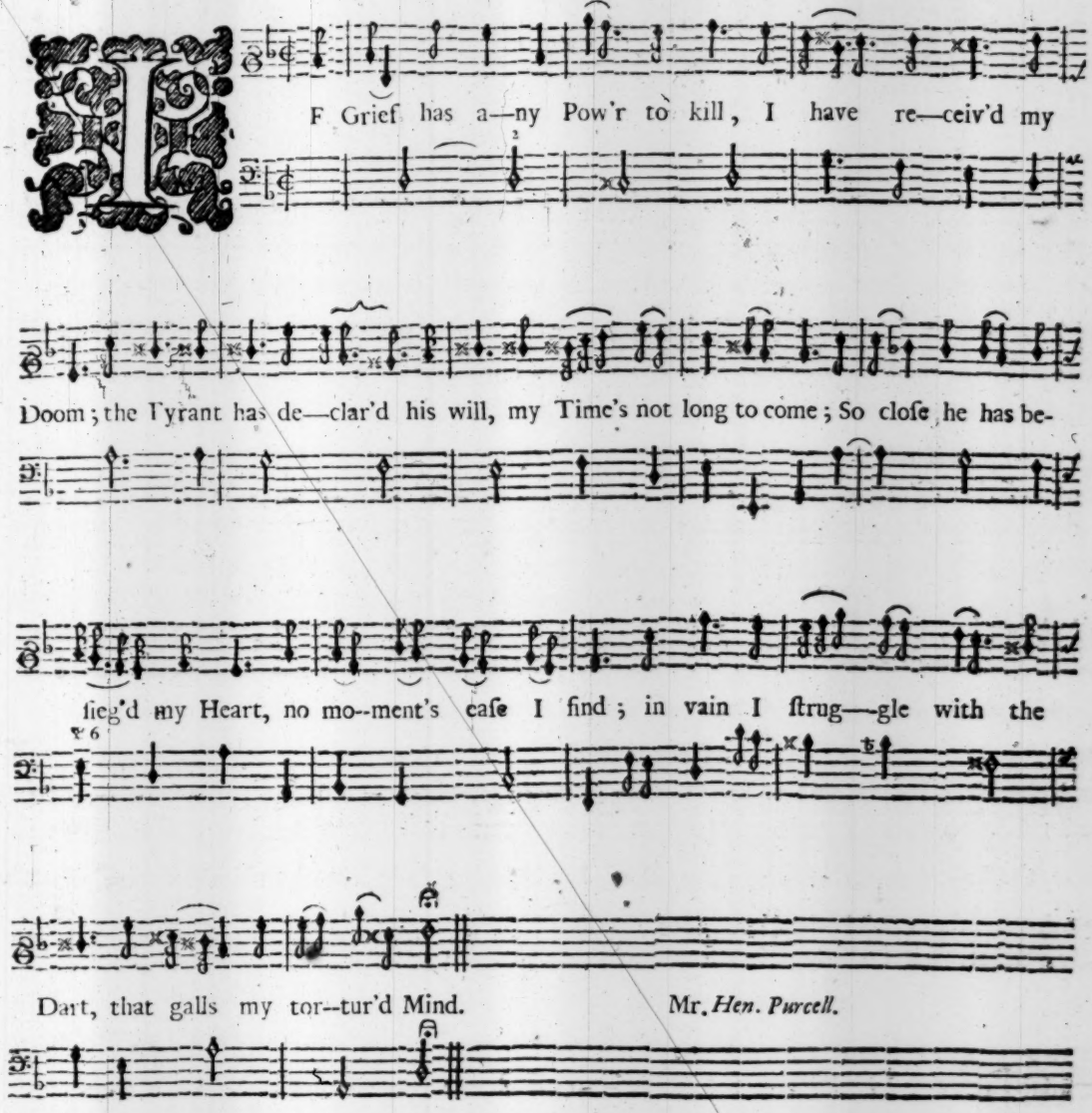


II.

Nor do I beg for a Reprieve,
I'm not ſo fond to live;
Nor will I any longer grieve,
Will you one Smile but give.
Your Mercy then ſhould to my Heart
An eaſie Death convey;
I'd then defy the pow'r of Smart,
And melt in Joys away.

Cupid, the ſlyeſt Rogue alive, one day was plund'ring of a Hive! But

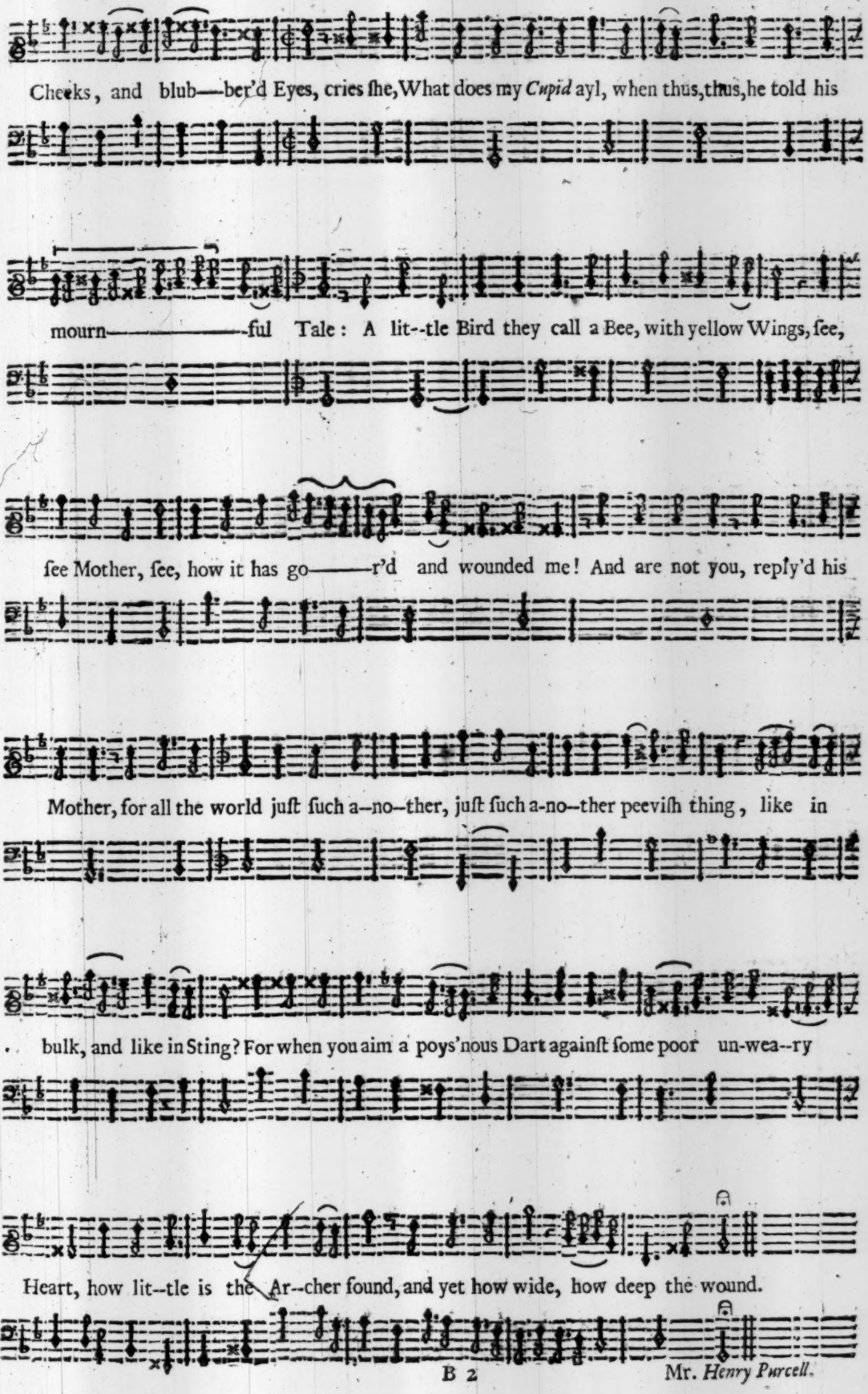
as with too too ea---ger haſt, he ſtrove the Li----quid Sweets to taſt: A Bee ſurpriz'd the

heed--leſs Boy, prick'd him, and daſh'd the ex--pe-cted Joy. The Urchin when he felt the ſmart of

the in—ve——nom'd an——gry Dart, he kick'd, he flung, he ſpurn'd the Ground, he

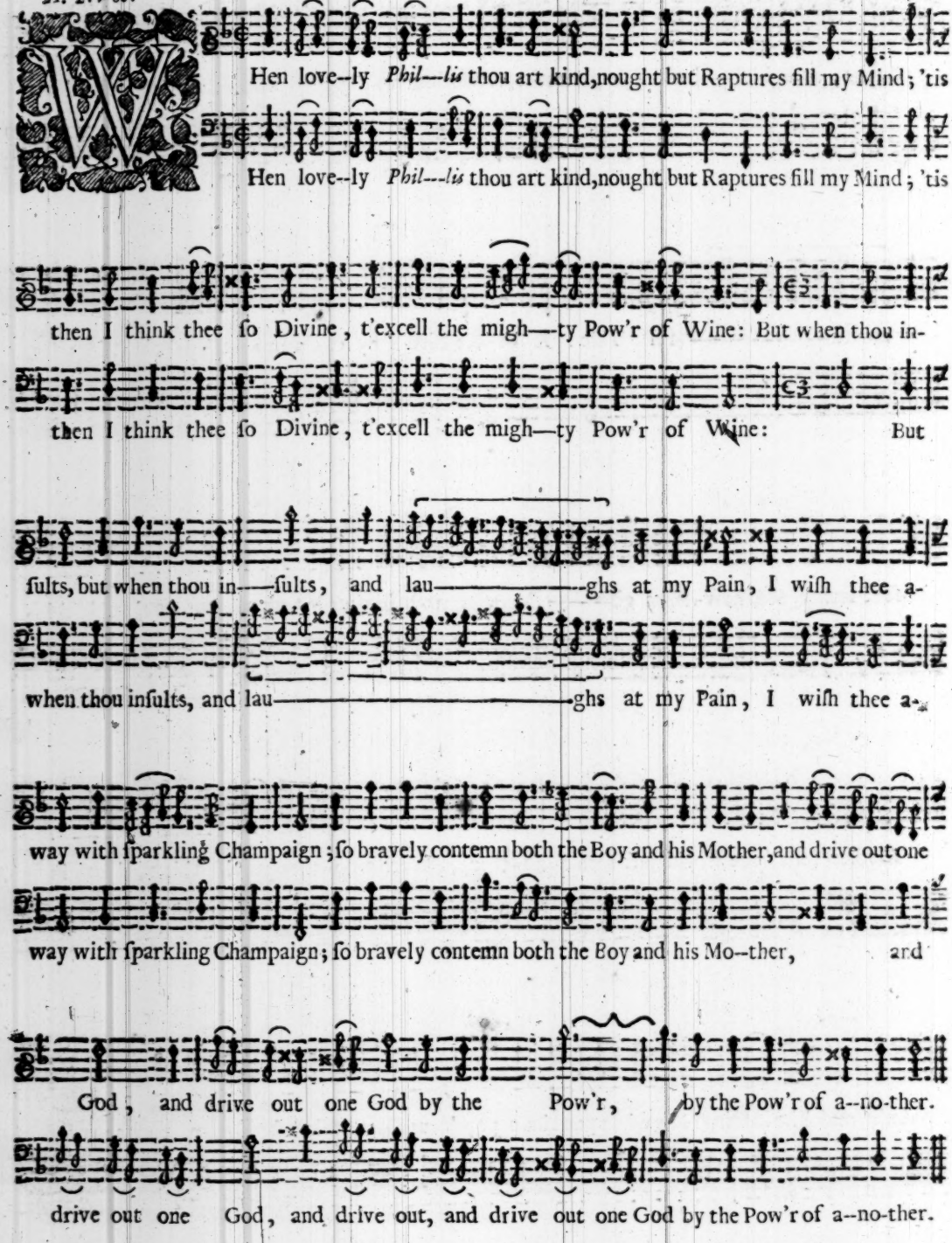
blow'd, and then he chaf'd the wound; he blow'd, and chaf'd the wound in vain, the

rub--bing ſtill encreas'd the Pain. Strait to his Mother's Lap he hies, with ſwel--ling



Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

A. 2. Voc.



II.

When Pity in thy Looks I ſee,
I frailly quit my Friends for thee;
Perſwaſive Love ſo charms me then,
My Freedom I'd not wiſh again.
But when thou art cruel, and heeds not my Care,
Streight with a Bumper I baniſh Deſpair;
So bravely contemn both the Boy and his Mother,
And drive out one God by the Pow'r of another.

Mr. *Hen. Purcell.*

Come all ye ten--der Nymphs, and learn of me, to ſhun a wretched

Fate; take heed how you diſ--ſem--ble Scorn, or too well coun--ter--feit your Hate: The

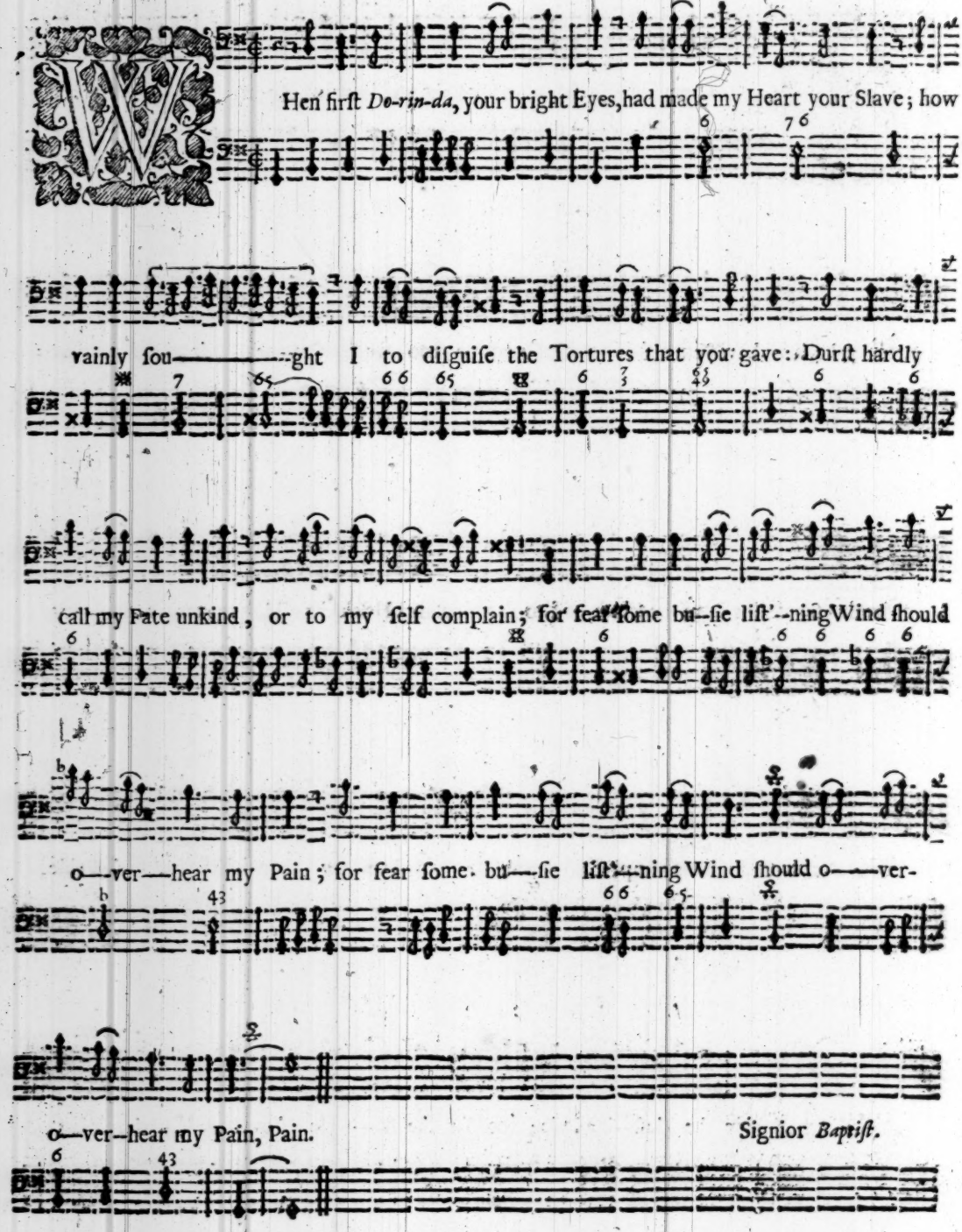
charming Swain his Pow--er knew, and to my wounded Heart he did a generous Pi---ty

ſhew, a mu--tual Flame impart. But I, un--hap--py I, with Scorn and Pride,

think--ing to hide the bluſh--ing Pain; too far the fic---kle Lover try'd, with fooling

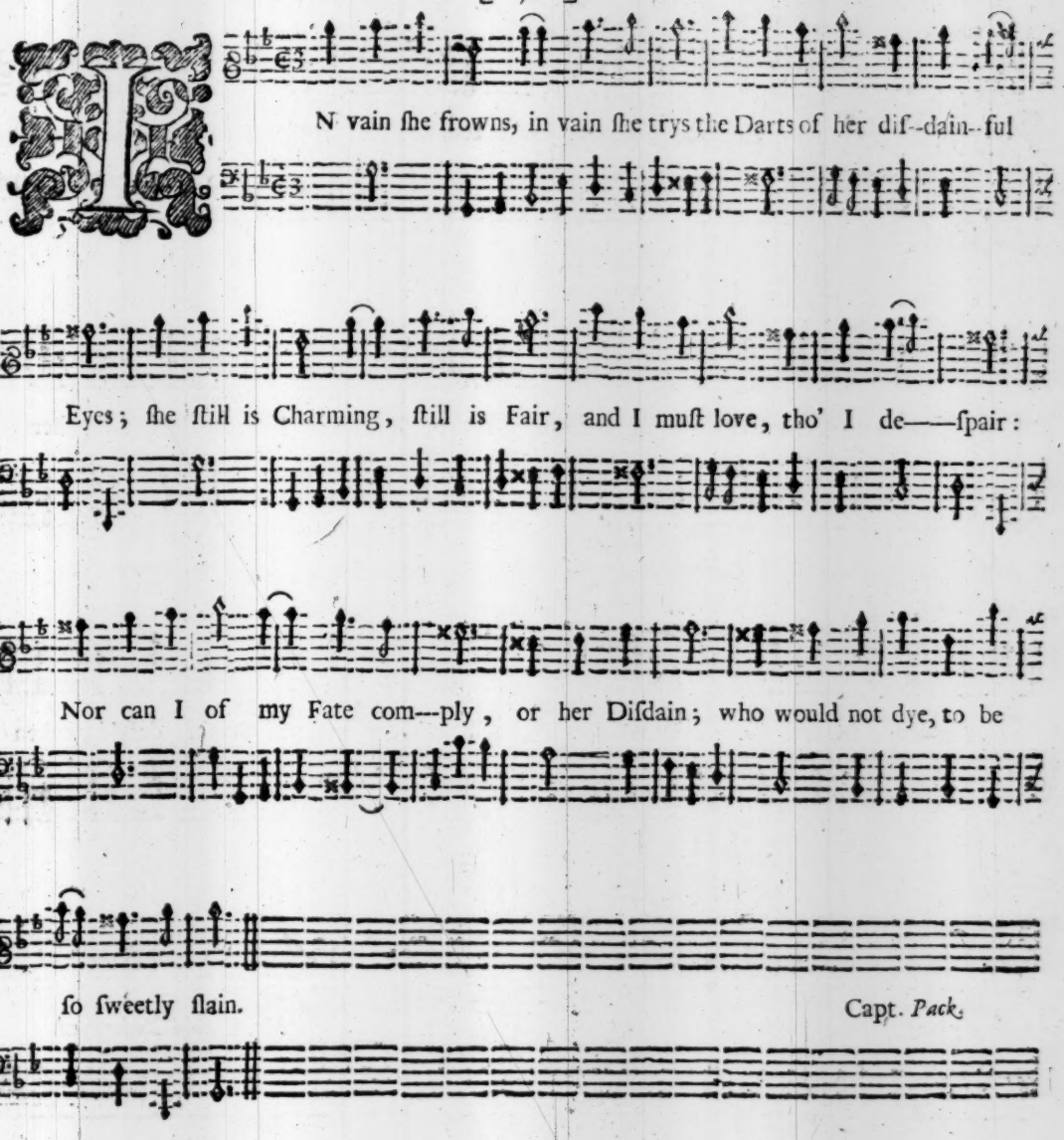
coſt what I'd have dy'd to gain.

Mr. *Tedway.*



II.

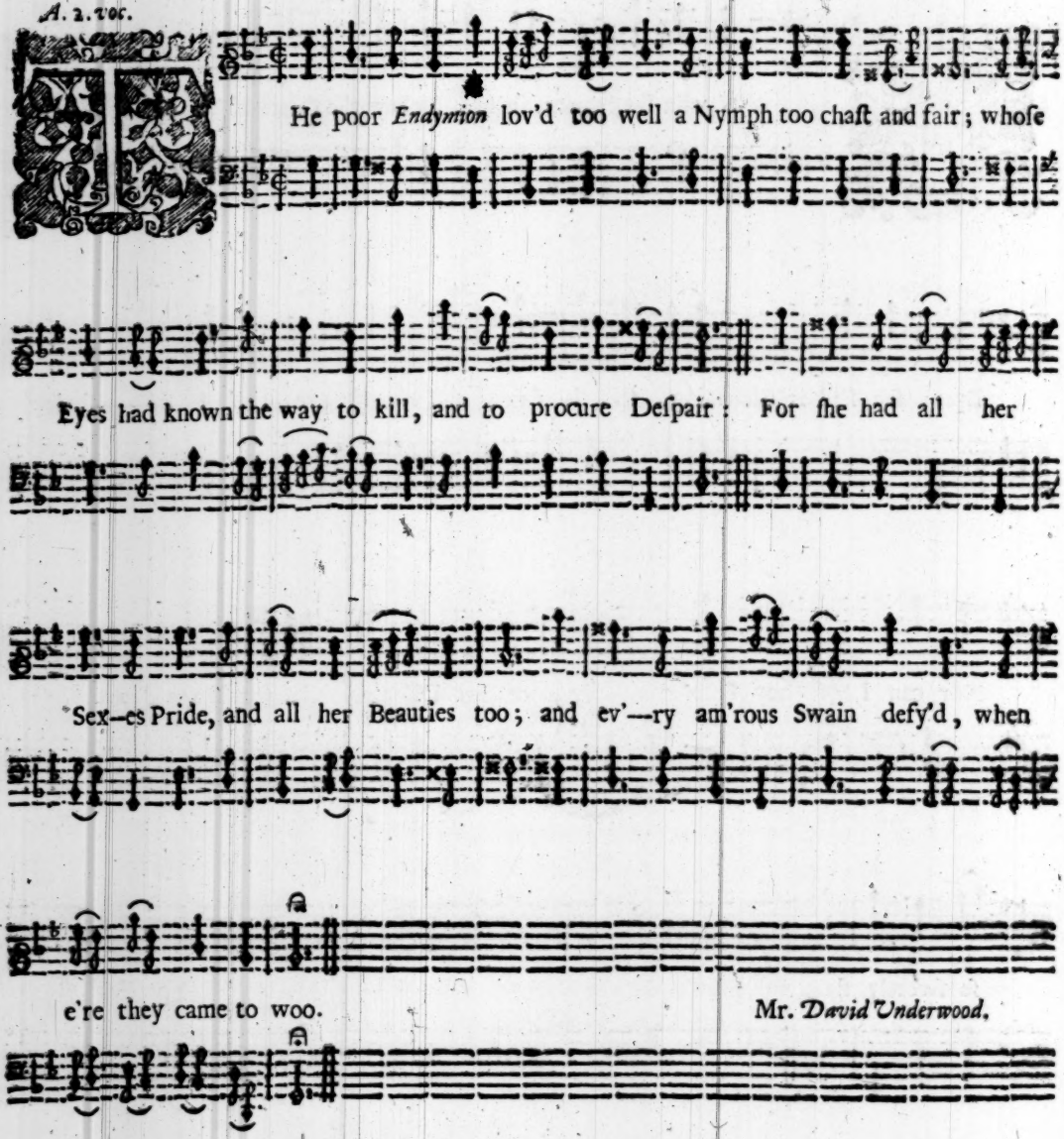
Your Beauty did my Paſſion awe,
So great your Merits were;
That all around I nothing ſaw,
But proſpects of Deſpair.
Fond Heart! I cry'd, hide, hide thy love,
Thy too bold Thoughts reclaim;
But all in vain (alas!) I ſtrove,
To hide a raging Flame.



II.

Like thoſe who Magic Spells employ,
At diſtance wounds, and does deſtroy;
She kills with her ſevere Diſdain,
And abſent I endure the pain.
But ſpare, oh ſpare your cruel Art!
The fatal Dart
Stabs your own Image in your Lover's Heart.

A. 2. Voc.



II.

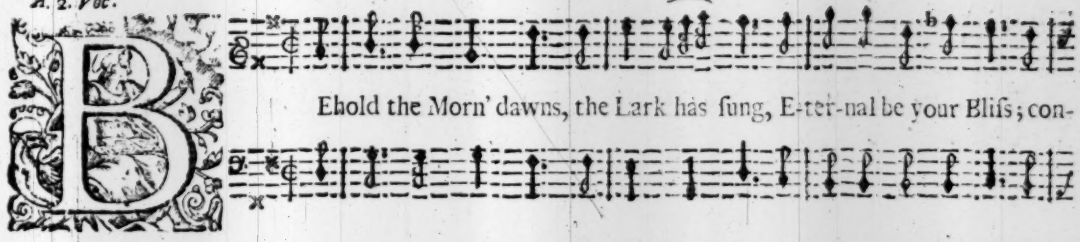
Ha! ſee the Love-ſick Youth would cry,
What Griefs my Boſom wears?
My Sorrows in my Sighs deſcry,
And Paſſion in my Tears:
Yet ſhe regardleſs ſaw him weep,
Not minding his deſerts;
Which ſtruck his wounded Breaſt ſo deep,
At laſt it broke his Heart.

III.

And now upon her guilty Head
The Sin of Murder lies;
And ſhrinks, and ſtarts to ſee him dead,
And Pity fills her Eyes:
Ah! ſee what Creatures Women are!
She love now more and more;
Does ſigh and languiſh, and deſpair,
For him ſhe ſcorn'd before.

A Marriage SONG.

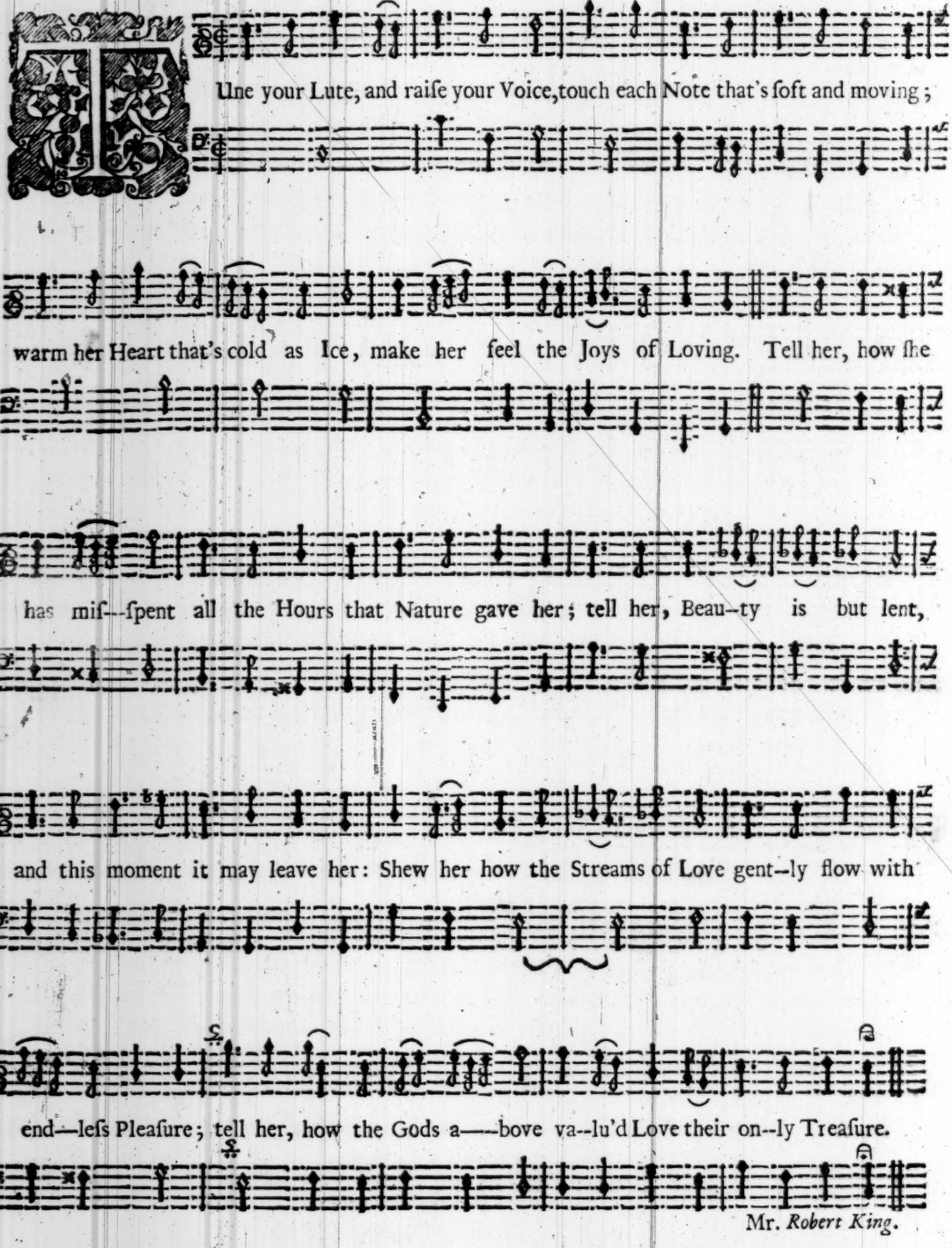
A. 2. Voc.

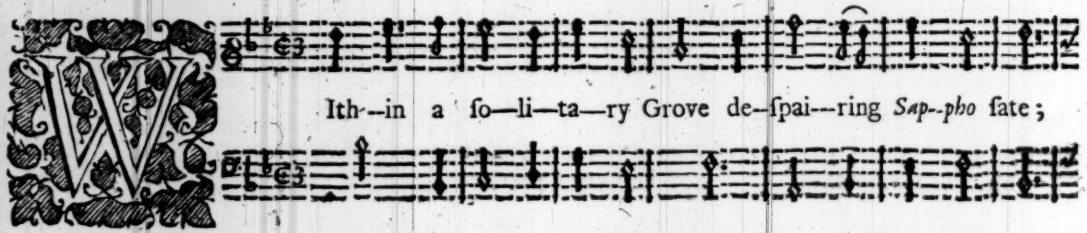


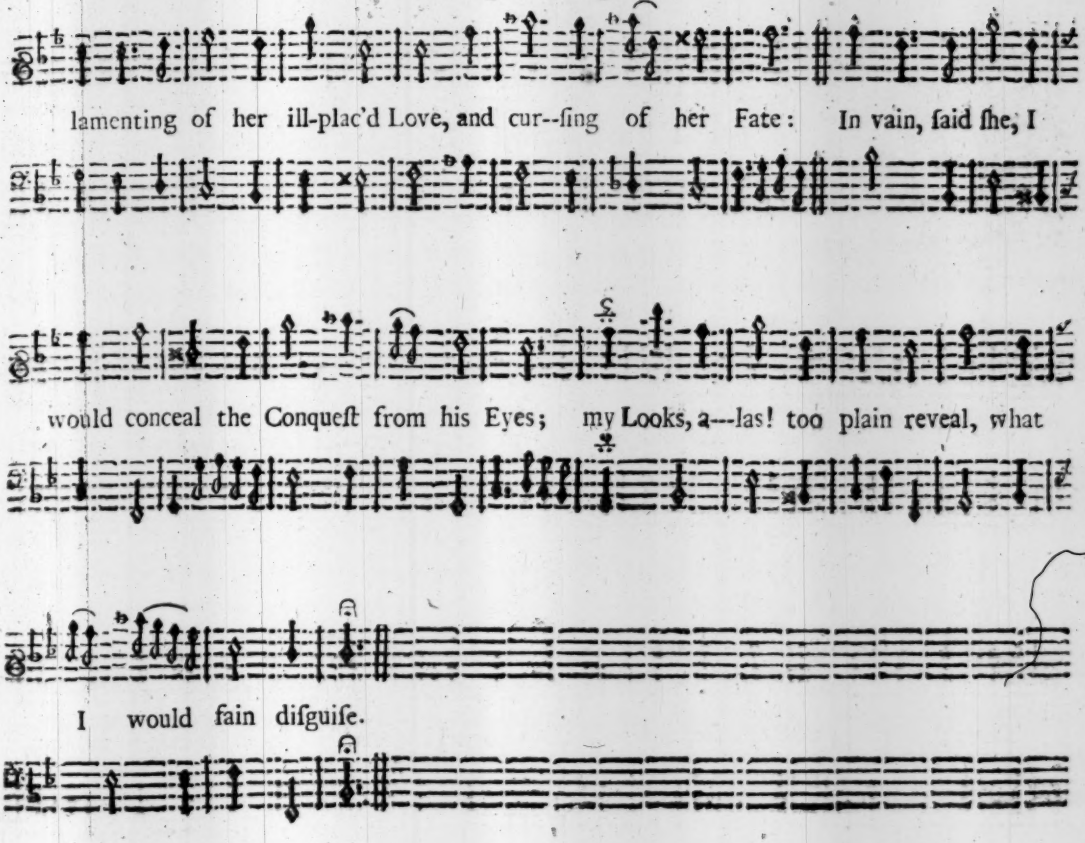
Mr. *Tho. Farmer*, B. M.

II.

Advance once again, and ſoftly ſing, and with a murmuring Tone
Such Pleaſure to 'em bring, that to our Voyces they may dream alone;
And gently waking, let Love's Charms renew,
As Trees that Bloſſoms and ripe Fruit do ſhew.
But hark! the Crowd return!
Let us conclude our Harmony with this delightful hearty Wiſh;
That ſtill encreaſing Joys may always burn,
And in Love's part, may Anchor every Morn'.


Tune your Lute, and raiſe your Voice, touch each Note that's ſoft and moving;
warm her Heart that's cold as Ice, make her feel the Joys of Loving. Tell her, how ſhe
has miſ--ſpent all the Hours that Nature gave her; tell her, Beau--ty is but lent,
and this moment it may leave her: Shew her how the Streams of Love gent--ly flow with
end--leſs Pleaſure; tell her, how the Gods a---bove va--lu'd Love their on--ly Treaſure.
Mr. Robert King.


Ith--in a ſo—li—ta—ry Grove de--ſpai---ring Sap--pho ſate;



II.

Away my Eyes! would you betray,
The weakneſs of my Heart!
To one that will not Love repay,
Or e're regard my Smart:
But yet how often hath he ſworn,
That he would conſtant prove!
How oft with Tears did he implore
My Pity, and my Love.

III.

But he, like a proud Conquerour,
Who in his way ſubdues
Some Towns, with his reſiſtleſs Pow'r
Freſh Conqueſts now purſues:
Then *Sappho*, give thy Sorrows o're,
And be thy ſelf again;
And think on that vain Man no more,
That could thy Love contemn.

When I ſee my *Strephon* languiſh, with *Lucinda*'s Charms oppreſt;

when I ſee his Pain and Anguiſh, Pi—ty moves my ten--der Breaſt: Sighs ſo oft, and

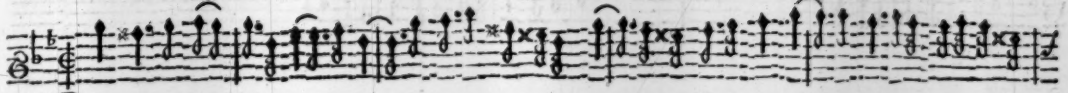
Tears ſo moving, who can ſee, and hold from Loving? Sighs ſo oft, and Tears ſo moving,

who can ſee, and hold from Loving. Mr. *Robert King.*

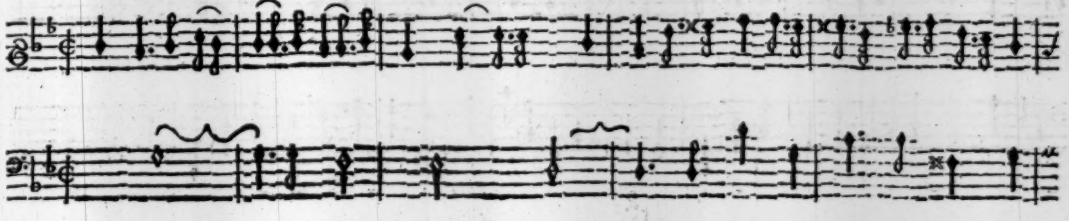
II.

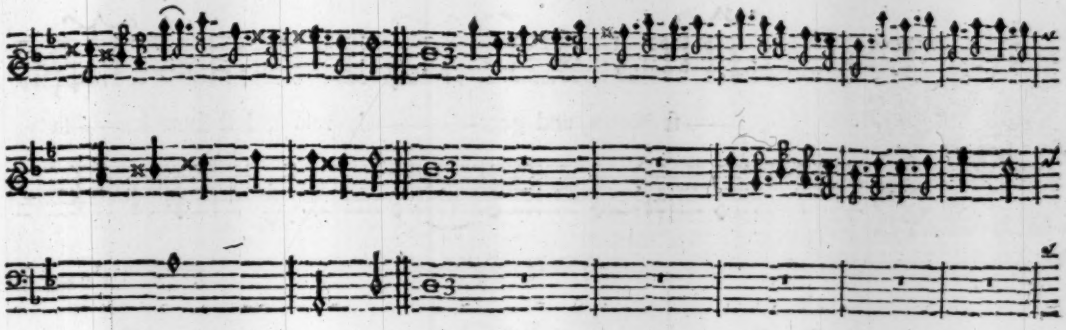
Strephon's plain and humble Nature,
Mov'd me firſt to hear his Tale;
Strephon's Truth by ev'ry Creature,
Is proclaim'd through all the Vale:
There's not a Nymph that would not chuſe him,
Why ſhould I alone refuſe him?
There's not, *&c.*

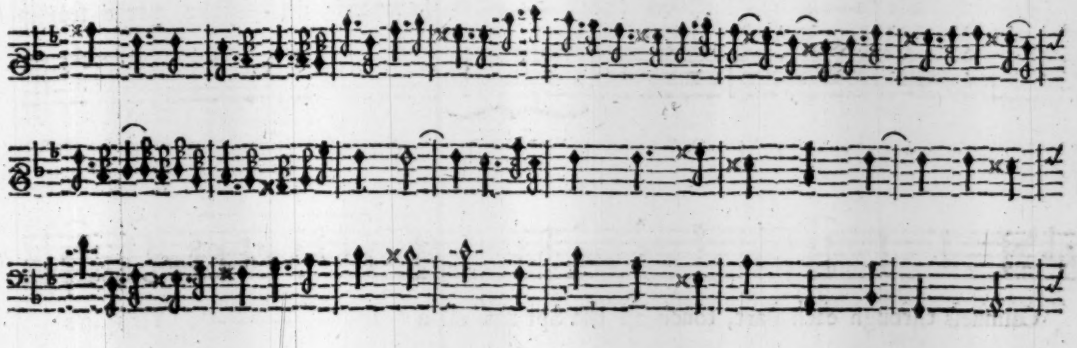
A Seranading SONG.

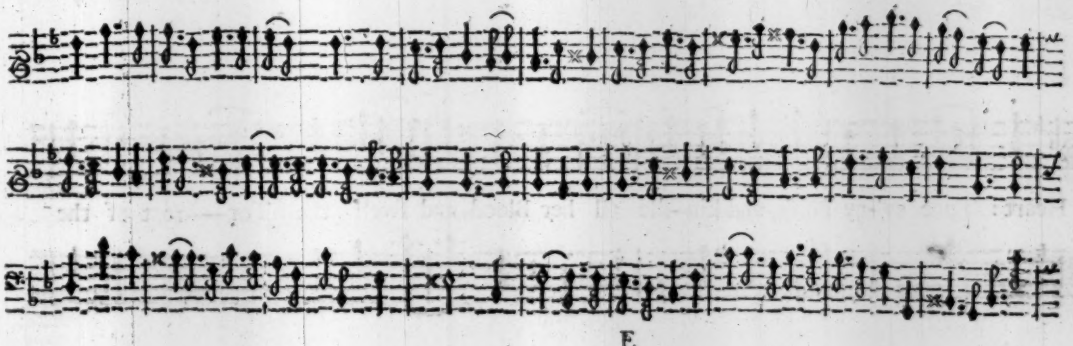


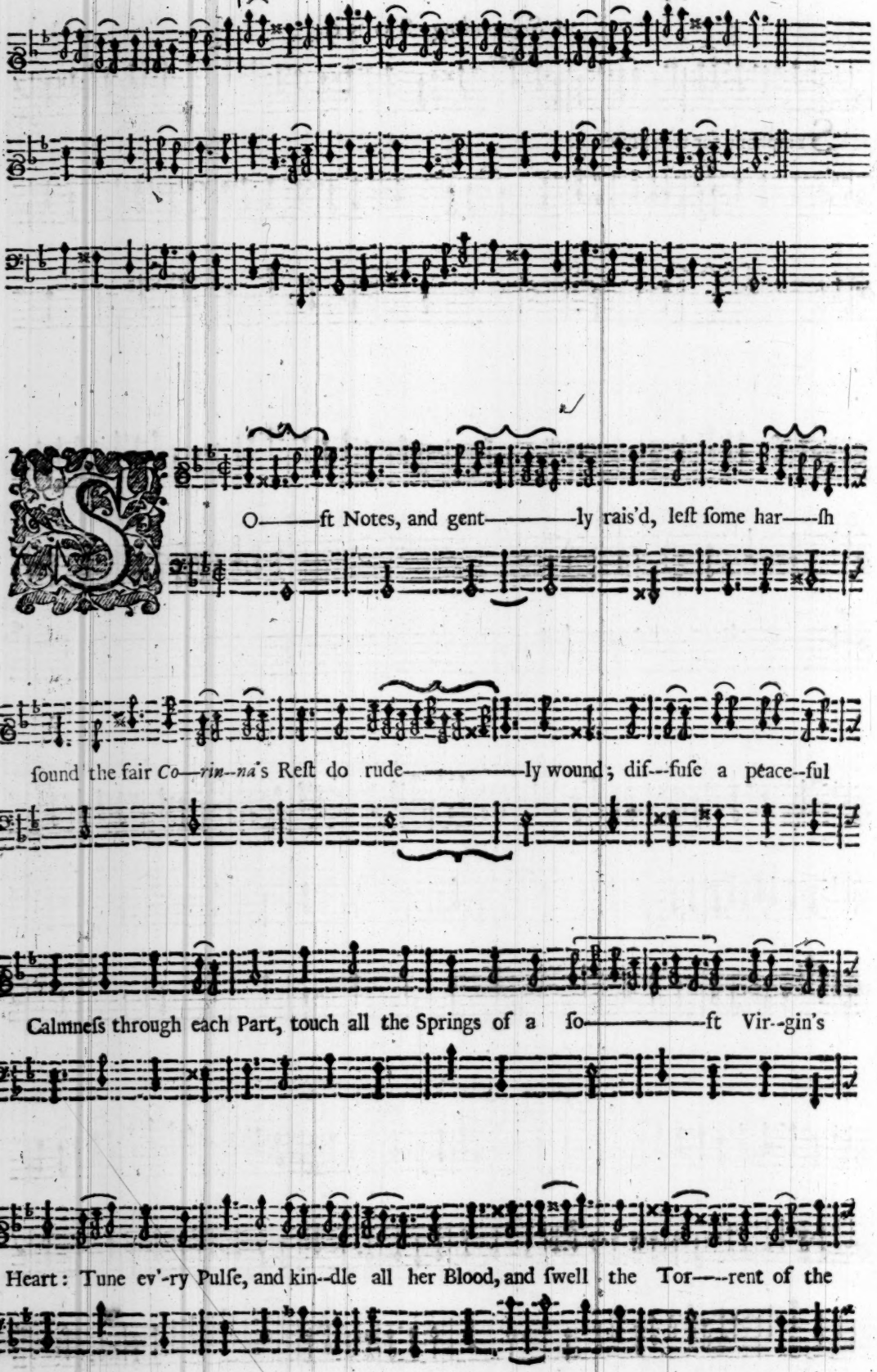
SYmphony for two Flutes.

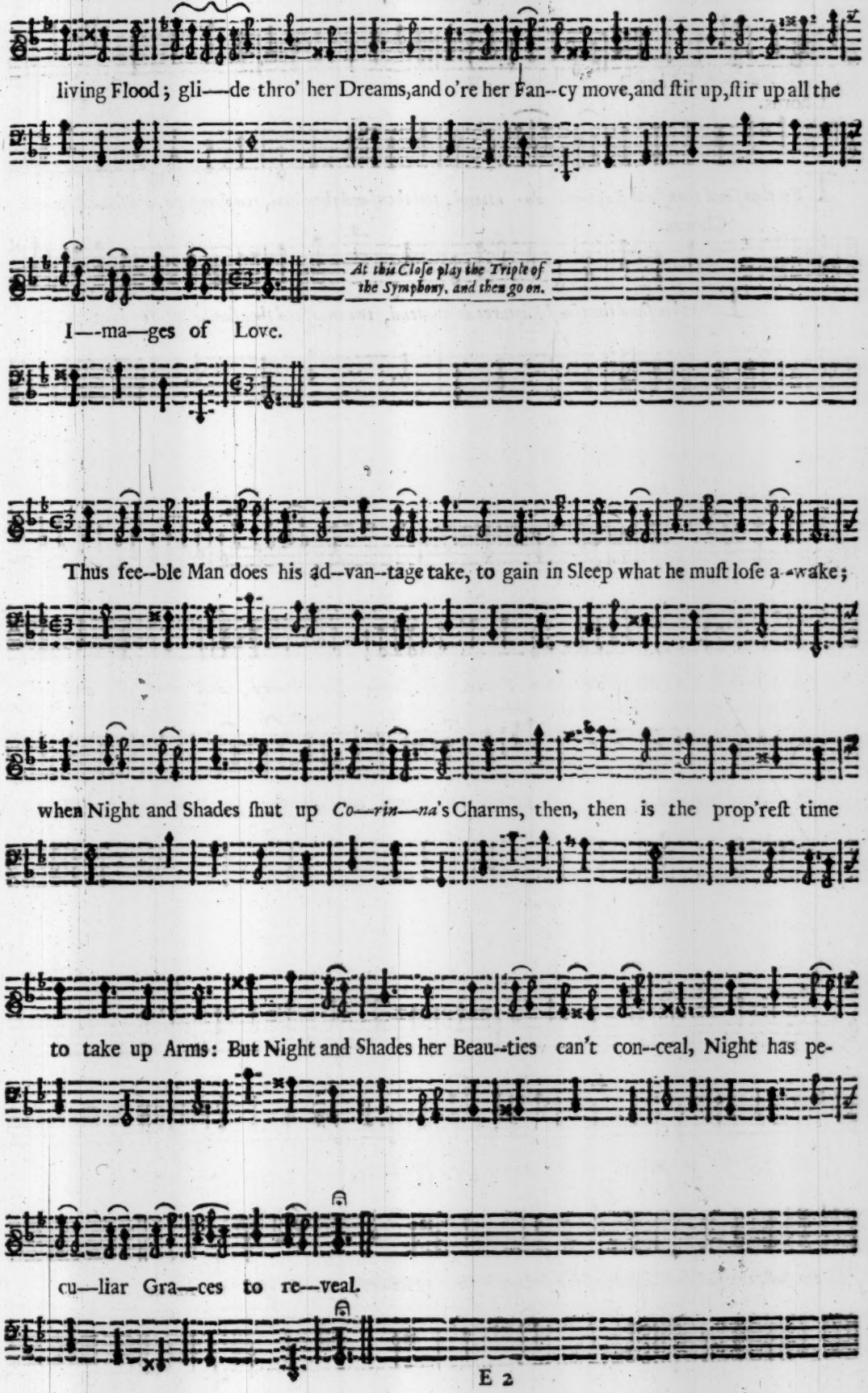


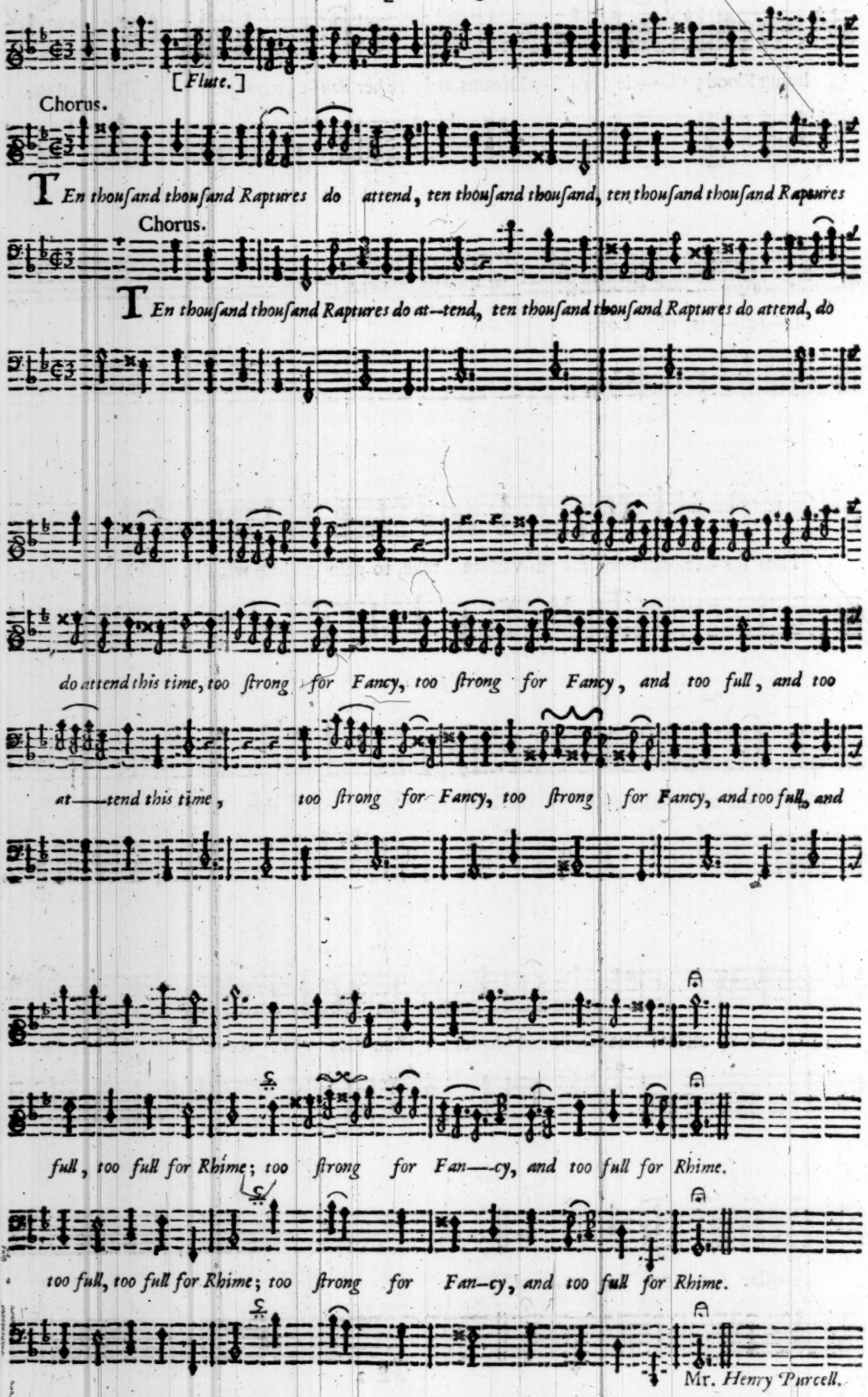




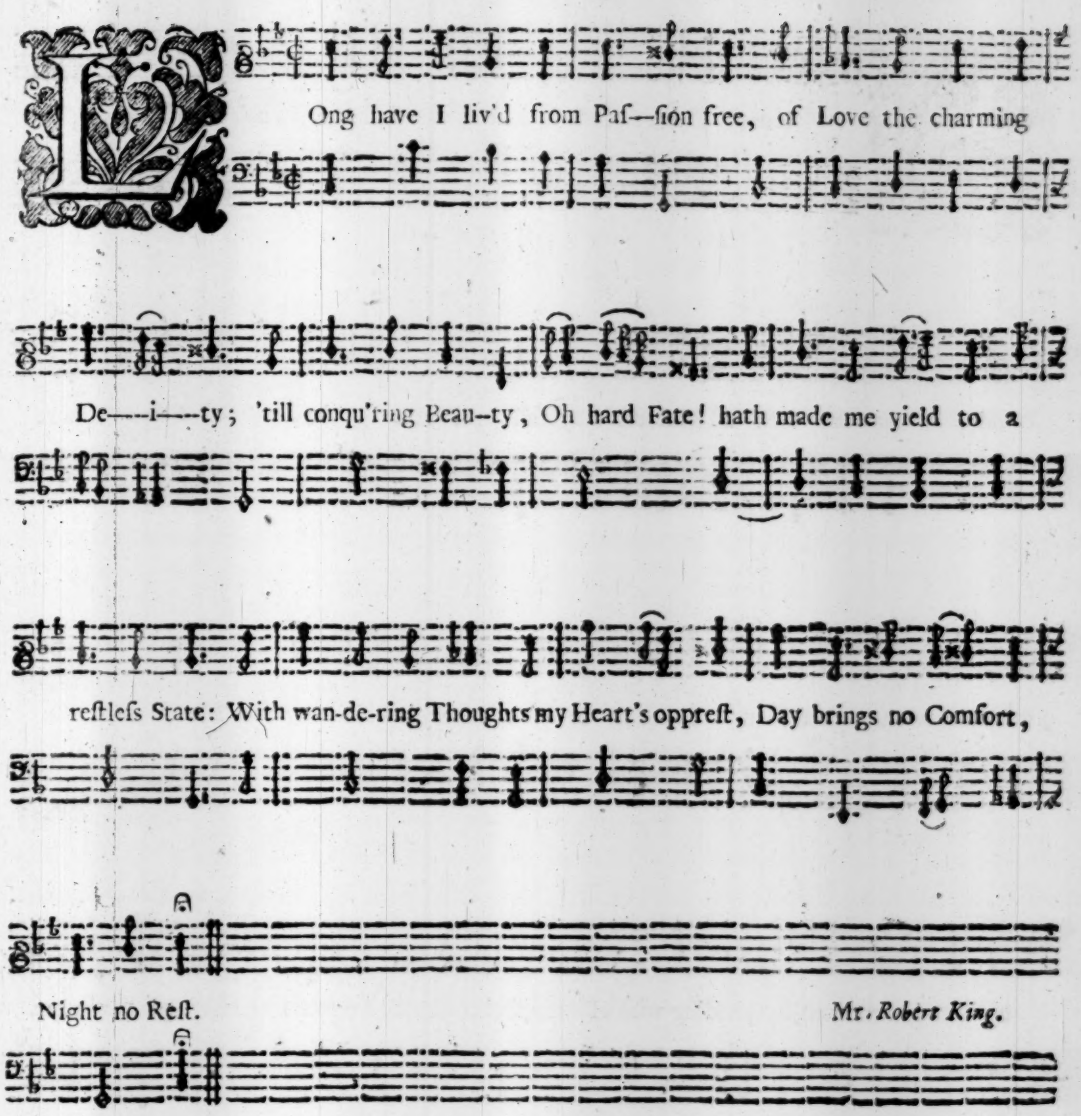



SOft Notes, and gent——ly rais'd, leſt ſome har——ſh
ſound the fair *Co—rin--na's* Reſt do rude——ly wound; dif--fuſe a peace--ful
Calmneſs through each Part, touch all the Springs of a ſo——ft Vir--gin's
Heart: Tune ev'-ry Pulſe, and kin--dle all her Blood, and ſwell the Tor——rent of the


living Flood; gli—de thro' her Dreams, and o're her Fan--cy move, and ſtir up, ſtir up all the
At this Cloſe play the Triple of the Symphony, and then go on.
I—ma—ges of Love.
Thus fee--ble Man does his ad--van--tage take, to gain in Sleep what he muſt loſe a--wake;
when Night and Shades ſhut up Co—rin—na's Charms, then, then is the prop'reſt time
to take up Arms: But Night and Shades her Beau--ties can't con--ceal, Night has pe-
cu—liar Gra—ces to re—veal.



Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

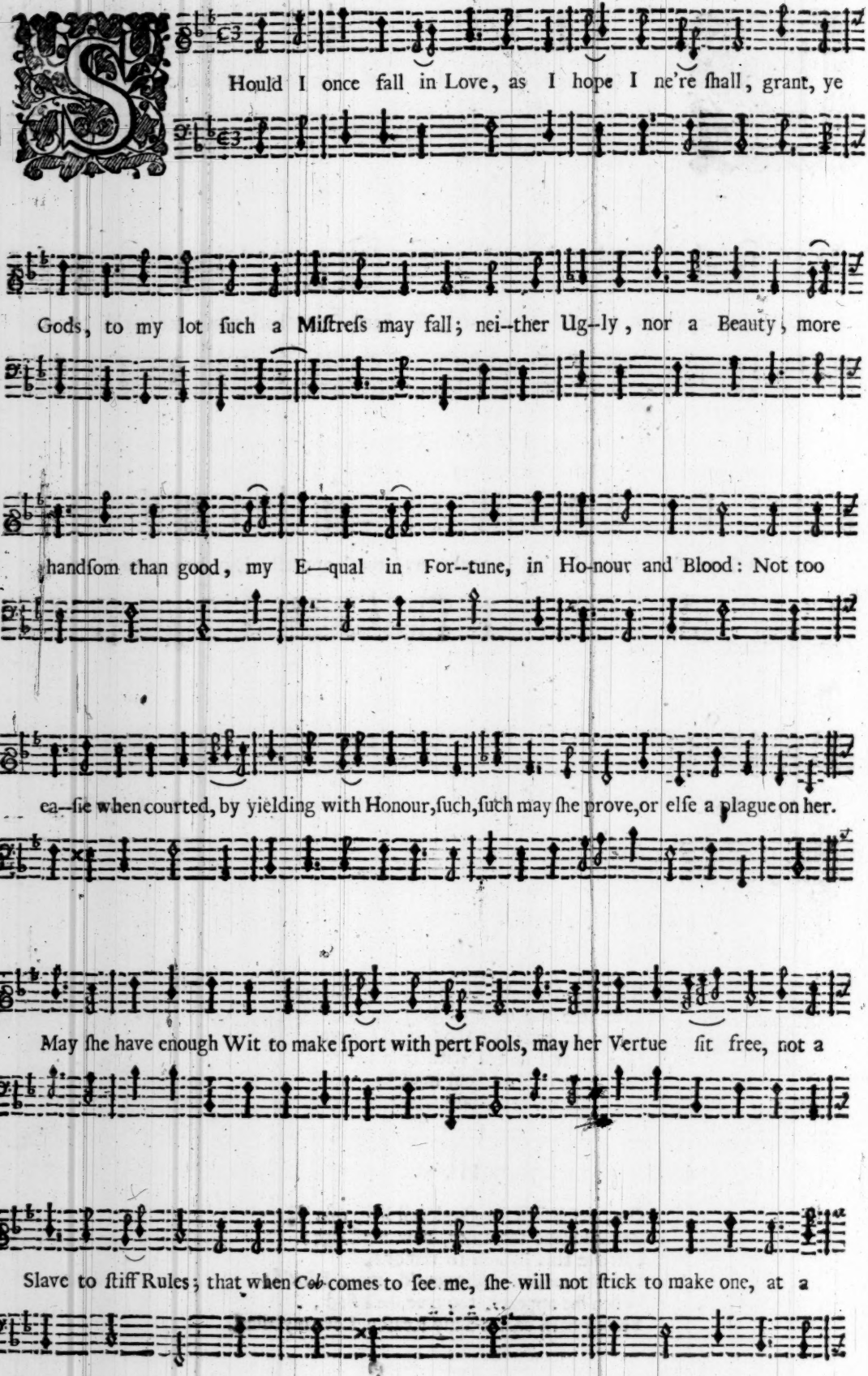


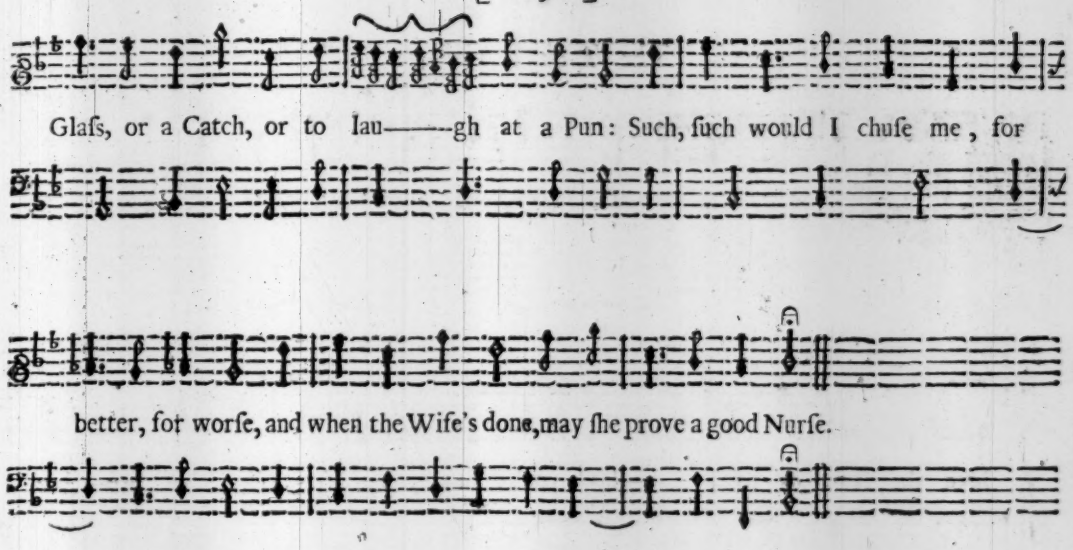
II.

The ſilent Swans on murm'ring Streams
Live free and eaſie without pains;
When by each ſide they gently move,
Live Hearts united with true Love:
But I a wretched Soul muſt be,
Depriv'd of her I fain would ſee.

III.

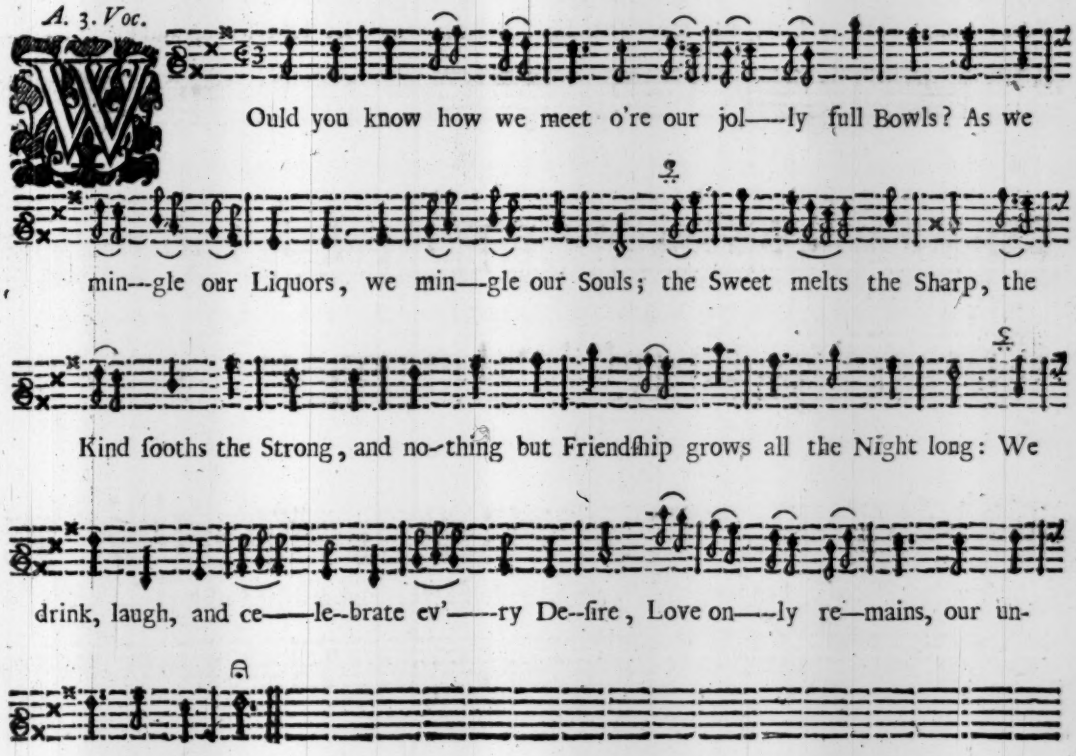
Go, reſtleſs Thoughts! tell her, that I,
Being abſent from her, now muſt dye;
I ſtrove this Paſſion to remove,
But the more I endeavour'd, more I lov'd:
When ſhe appears, too true ſhe'l find,
Beauty hath charm'd my Reaſon, Love my Mind.


Hould I once fall in Love, as I hope I ne're ſhall, grant, ye
Gods, to my lot ſuch a Miſtreſs may fall; nei--ther Ug--ly, nor a Beauty, more
handſom than good, my E—qual in For--tune, in Ho-nour and Blood: Not too
ea--ſie when courted, by yielding with Honour, ſuch, ſuch may ſhe prove, or elſe a plague on her.
May ſhe have enough Wit to make ſport with pert Fools, may her Vertue ſit free, not a
Slave to ſtiff Rules; that when Cob comes to ſee me, ſhe will not ſtick to make one, at a



A new CATCH.

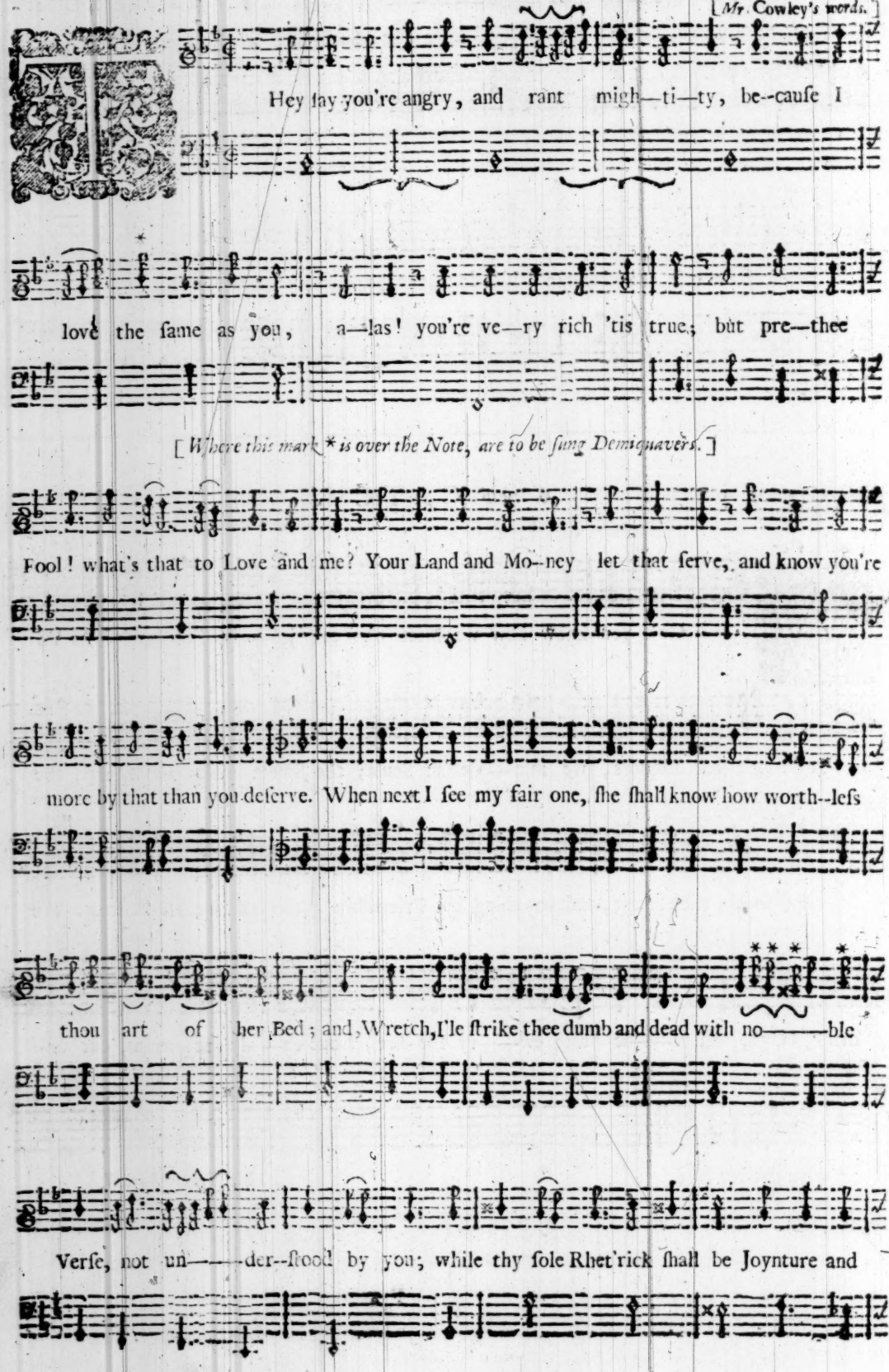
A. 3. Voc.

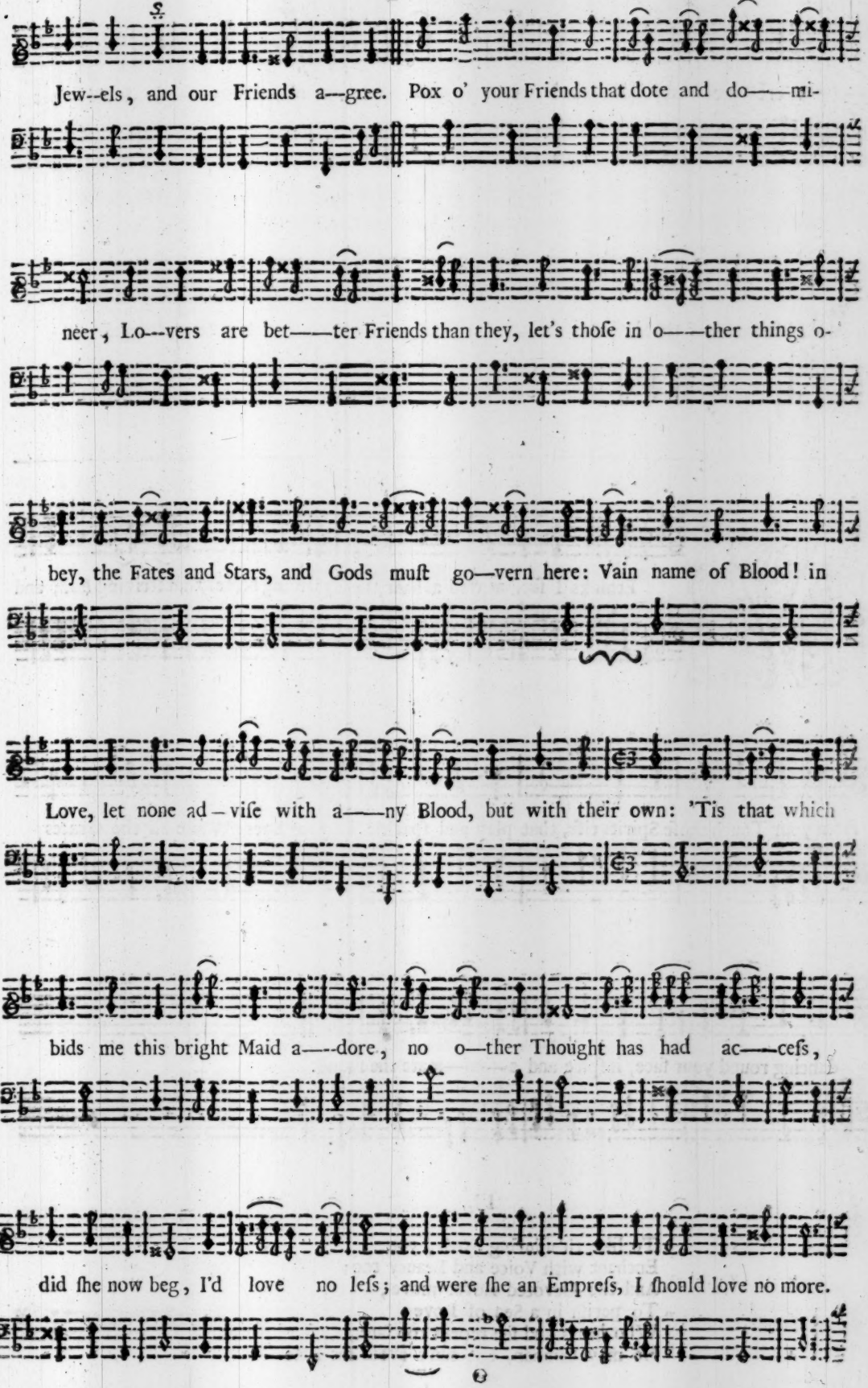


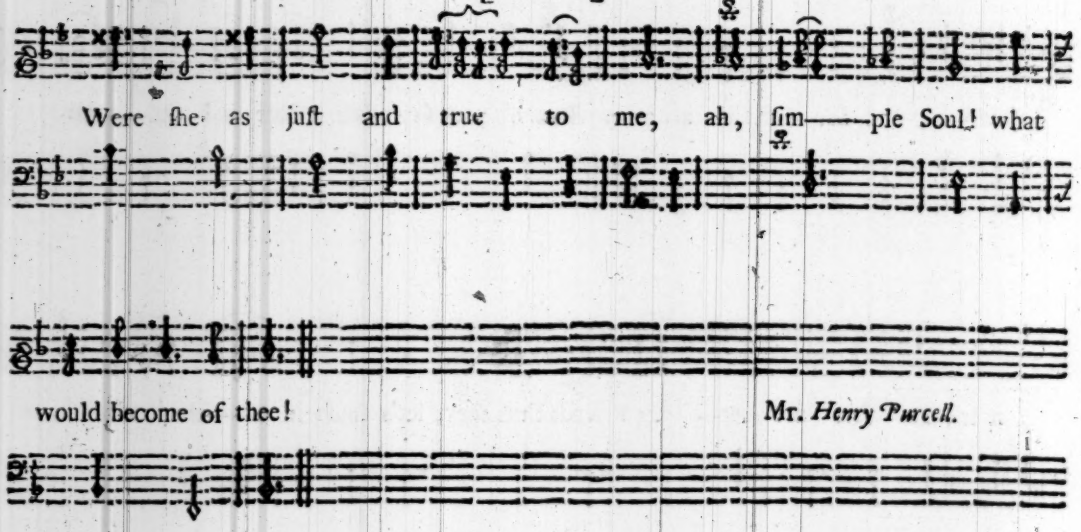
Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

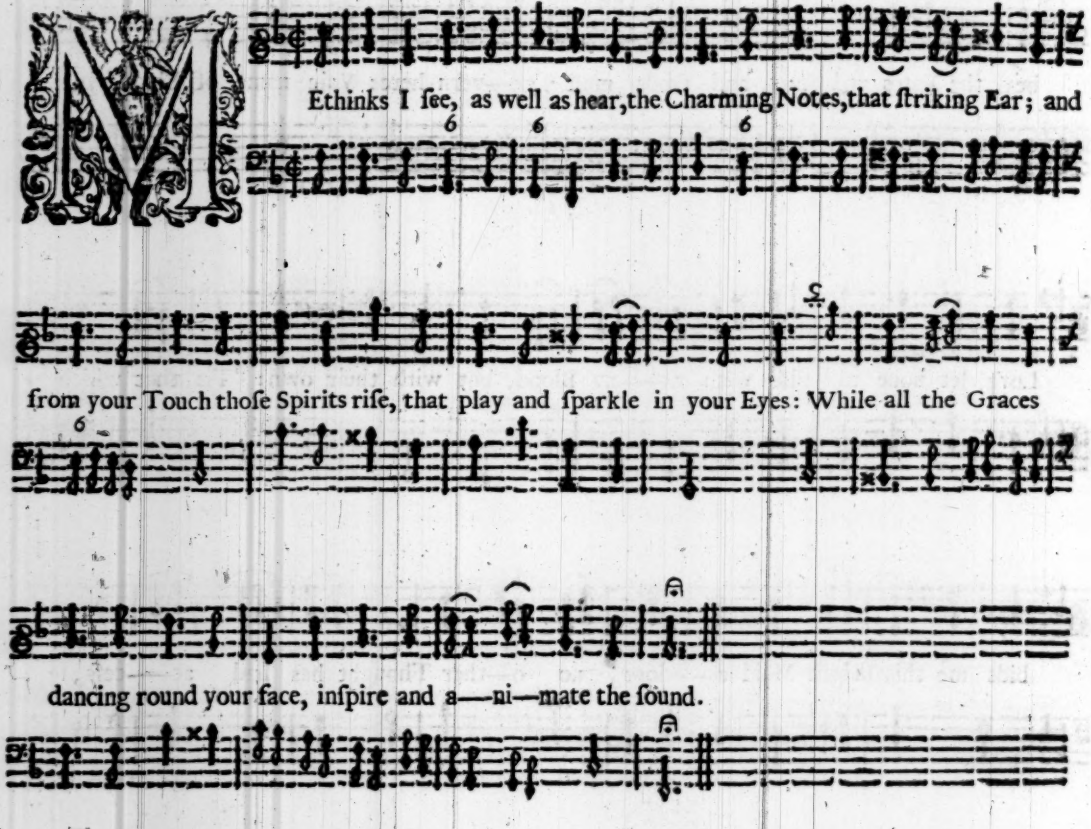
The Rich RIVAL.

[*Mr.* Cowley's words.]



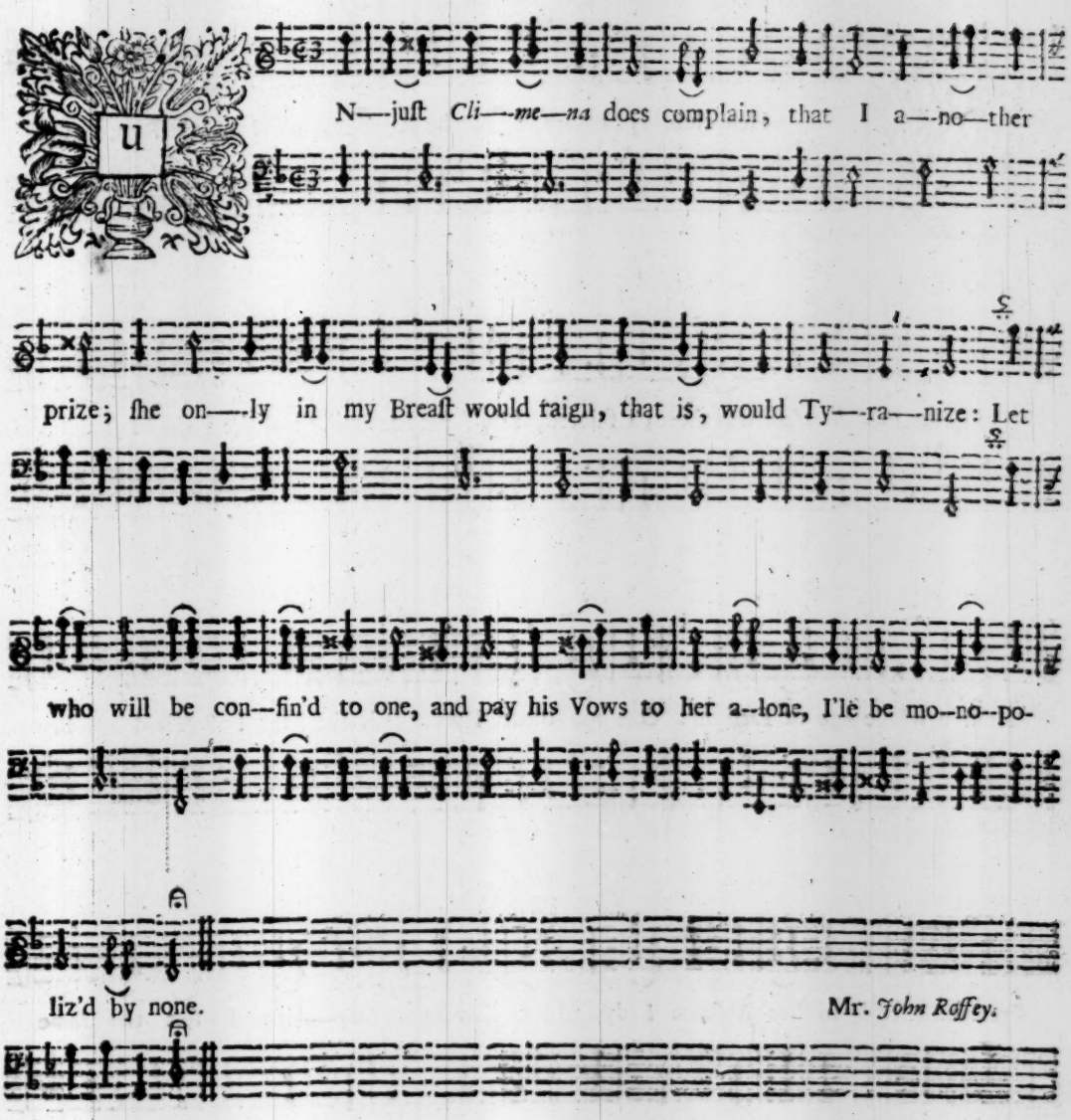

Jew--els, and our Friends a--gree. Pox o' your Friends that dote and do——mi-
neer, Lo--vers are bet——ter Friends than they, let's thoſe in o——ther things o-
bey, the Fates and Stars, and Gods muſt go—vern here: Vain name of Blood! in
Love, let none ad-viſe with a——ny Blood, but with their own: 'Tis that which
bids me this bright Maid a——dore, no o—ther Thought has had ac——ceſs,
did ſhe now beg, I'd love no leſs; and were ſhe an Empreſs, I ſhould love no more.





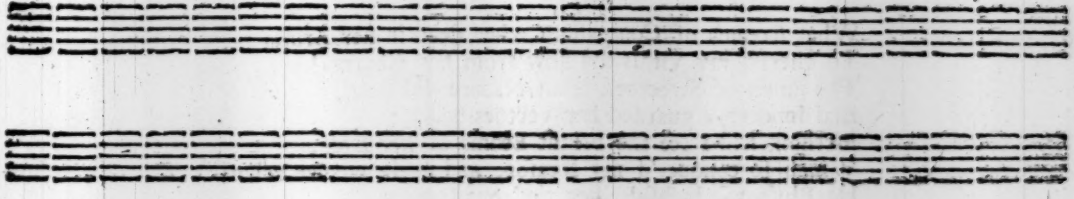
II.

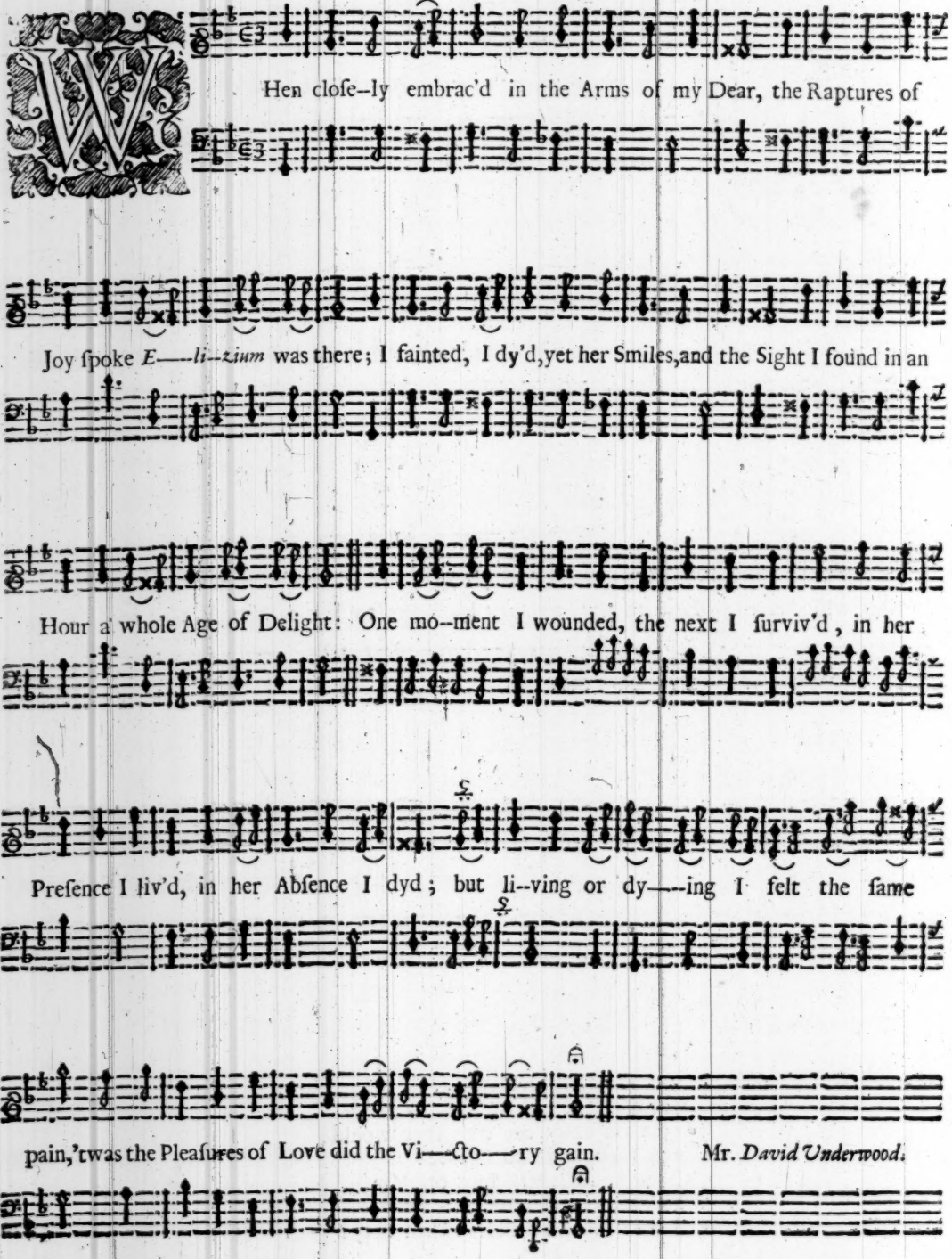
To like th' alluring *Syren*, you
Enchant with Voice and Beauty too;
And the Devoted Lover move,
To periſh in a Sea of Love:
Who hears and ſee repent too late,
He may bemoan, but can't avoid his Fate.



II.

It was not thus in Days of old,
Our Fathers had more ſence;
They took unto 'em who they would,
And thought it no offence:
Tell me ye ſprightly Sons of *May*,
Who gave our Charter thus away,
And why are we leſs free than they?





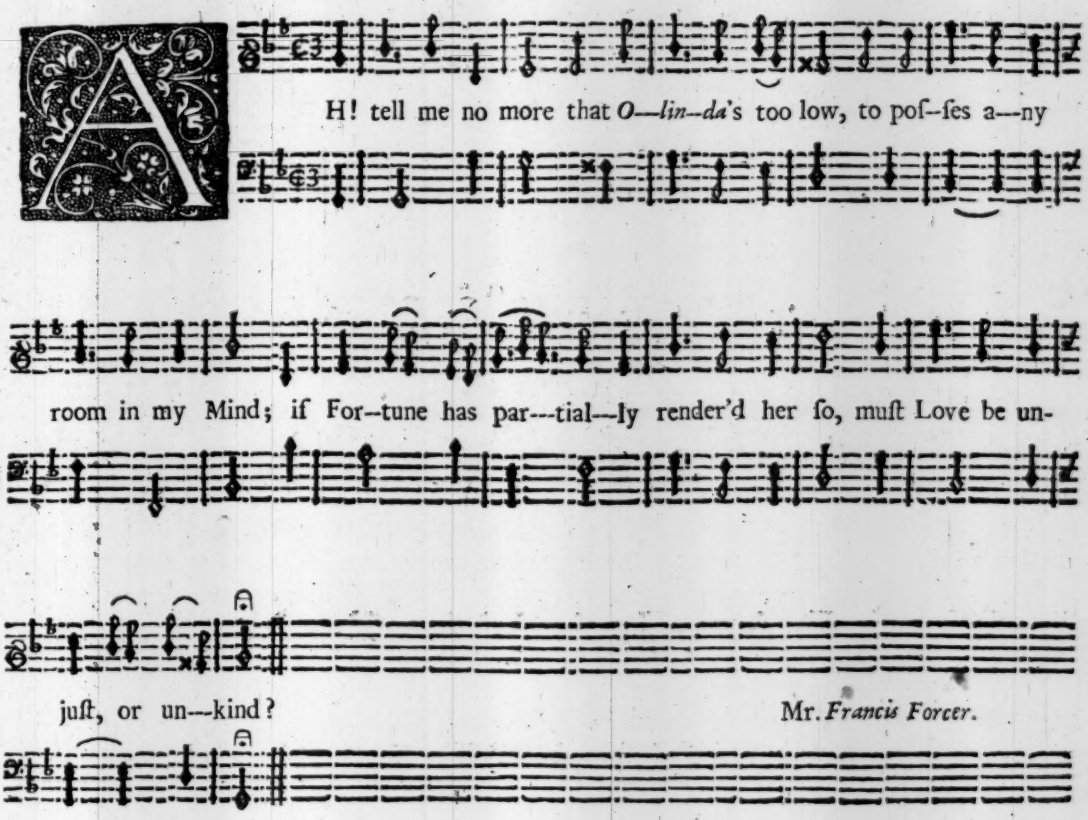
II.

What ſtreams of Compaſſion when dead in her Arms,
To cheriſh my Vitals did flow from her Charms!
The iſſues of Sweetneſs from Nature did flow,
And Innocence guarded her Vertues below:
Methink ſtill I ſee the bright Beams of her Eyes,
Which ſo conquer'd my Reaſon, and made me her Prize;
Her Bluſhes ſo baſhful, her tim'rous Deſires,
Impoſing new Flames to my vigorous Fires.

III. But

III.

But now, fair *Amintas!* my Love is begvil'd,
And only for loving of me is exil'd,
Unto ſome wild Deſert of hopeleſs Deſpair,
Where ev'ry Enjoyment is eccho'd by her:
Yet ſtill on the height of *Amintas* I live,
And what Hopes will not grant me, my Wiſhes ſhall give;
Till Time when all Lovers once hid ſhall diſcloſe,
And reſtore me unto her to take my Repoſe.



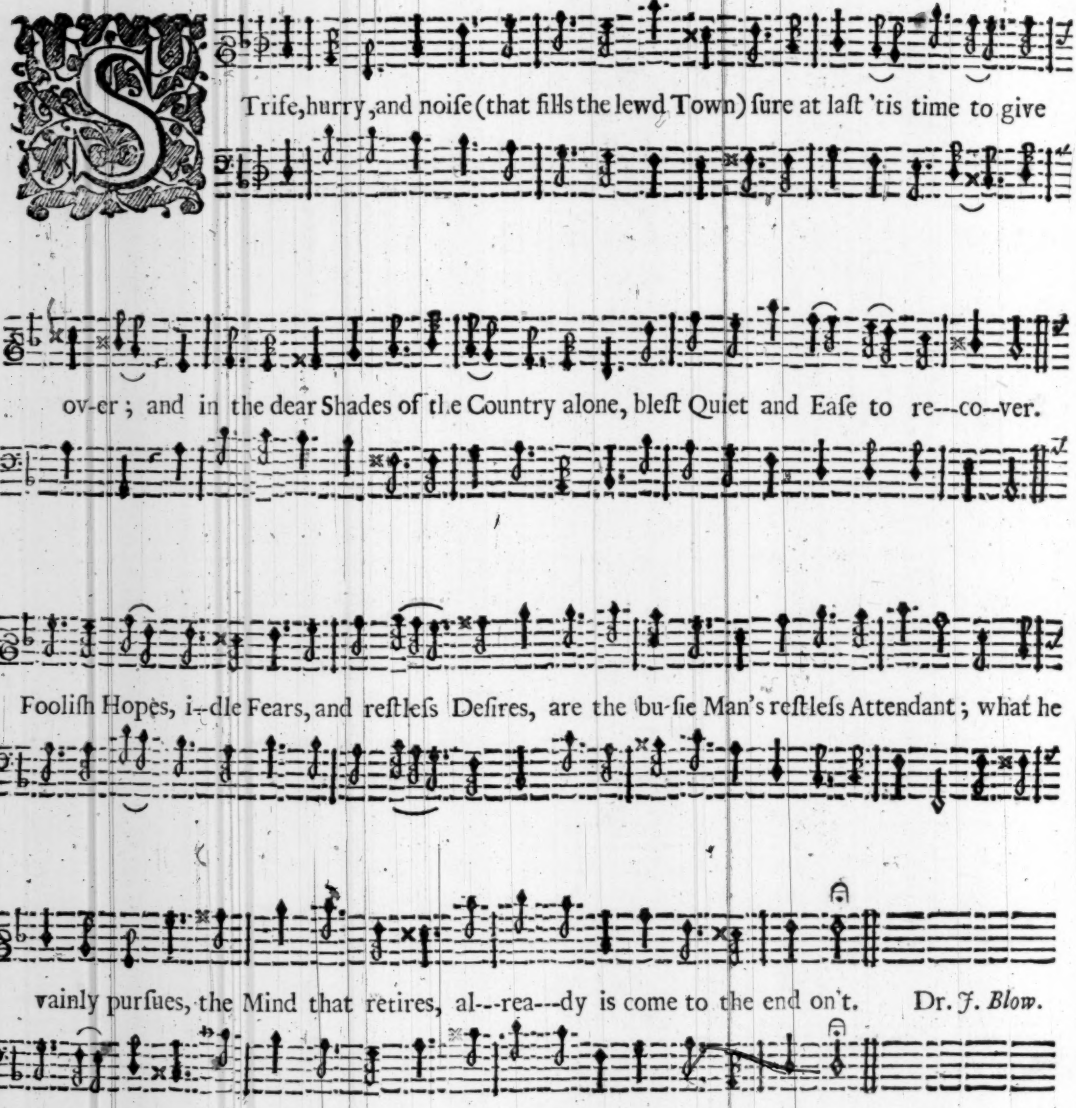
Mr. *Francis Forcer.*

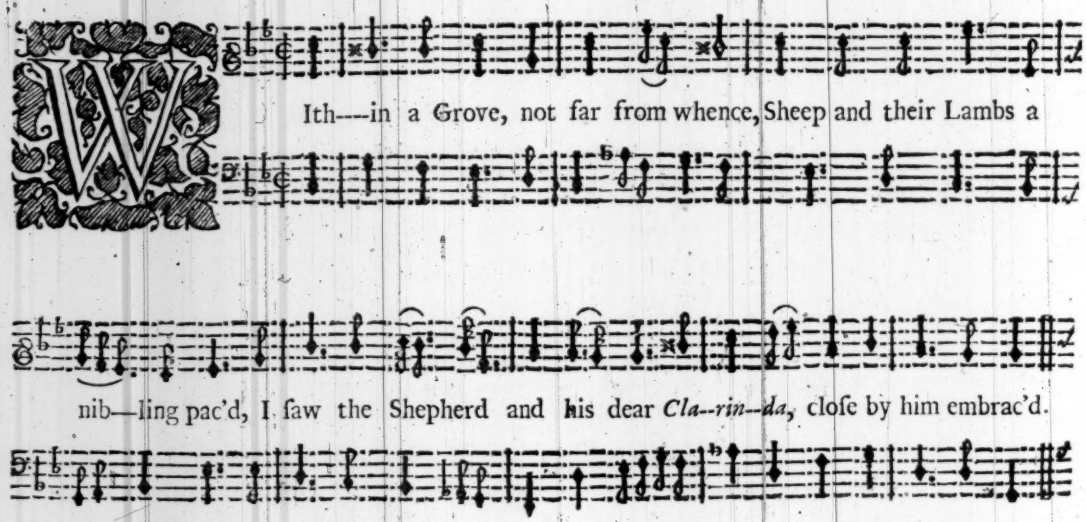
II.

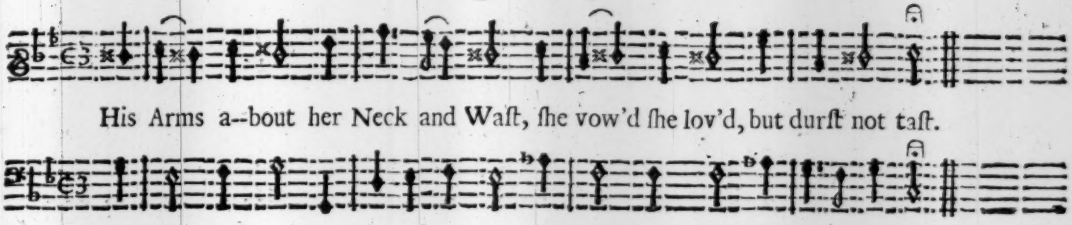
Love truly is blind when by Fortune 'tis ſway'd,
Which too often does Merit deſpiſe;
But if Love ſhews reſpect where it ought to be paid,
'Tis Fortune, not Love, that wants Eyes.

III.

But where can the mighty Diſparity be,
Since we both have Affection alike?
In Love, as in Death, undiſtinguiſh'd we lie,
For they level what-ever they ſtrike.


Trife, hurry, and noiſe (that fills the lewd Town) ſure at laſt 'tis time to give
ov-er; and in the dear Shades of the Country alone, bleſt Quiet and Eaſe to re---co--ver.
Fooliſh Hopes, i--dle Fears, and reſtleſs Deſires, are the bu-ſie Man's reſtleſs Attendant; what he
vainly purſues, the Mind that retires, al---rea---dy is come to the end on't. Dr. J. Blow.

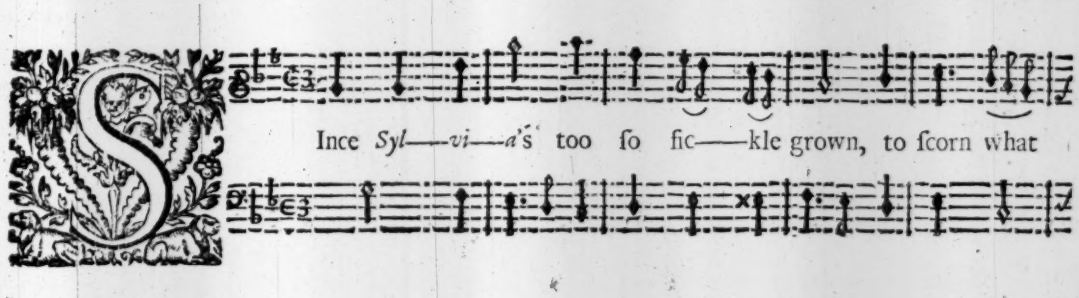

Ith---in a Grove, not far from whence, Sheep and their Lambs a
nib—ling pac'd, I ſaw the Shepherd and his dear *Cla--rin--da*, cloſe by him embrac'd.



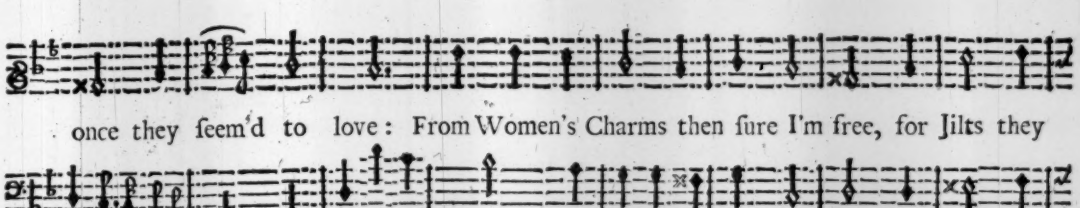
His Arms a--bout her Neck and Waſt, ſhe vow'd ſhe lov'd, but durſt not taſt.

II.

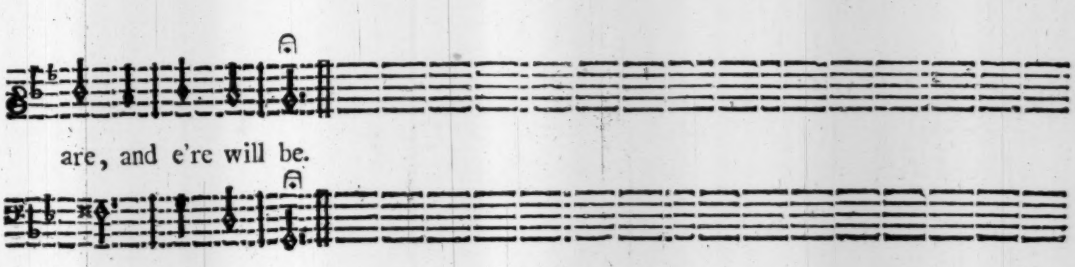
Faireſt *Clarinda*, why ſo coy!
For I do ſwear by all that's good,
You need not fear a harmleſs Boy,
I wou'd not hurt you if I cou'd:
She ſigh'd, and then turn'd up her Eyes,
Do what you will, I cannot riſe.



Ince *Syl—vi—a*'s too ſo fic——kle grown, to ſcorn what



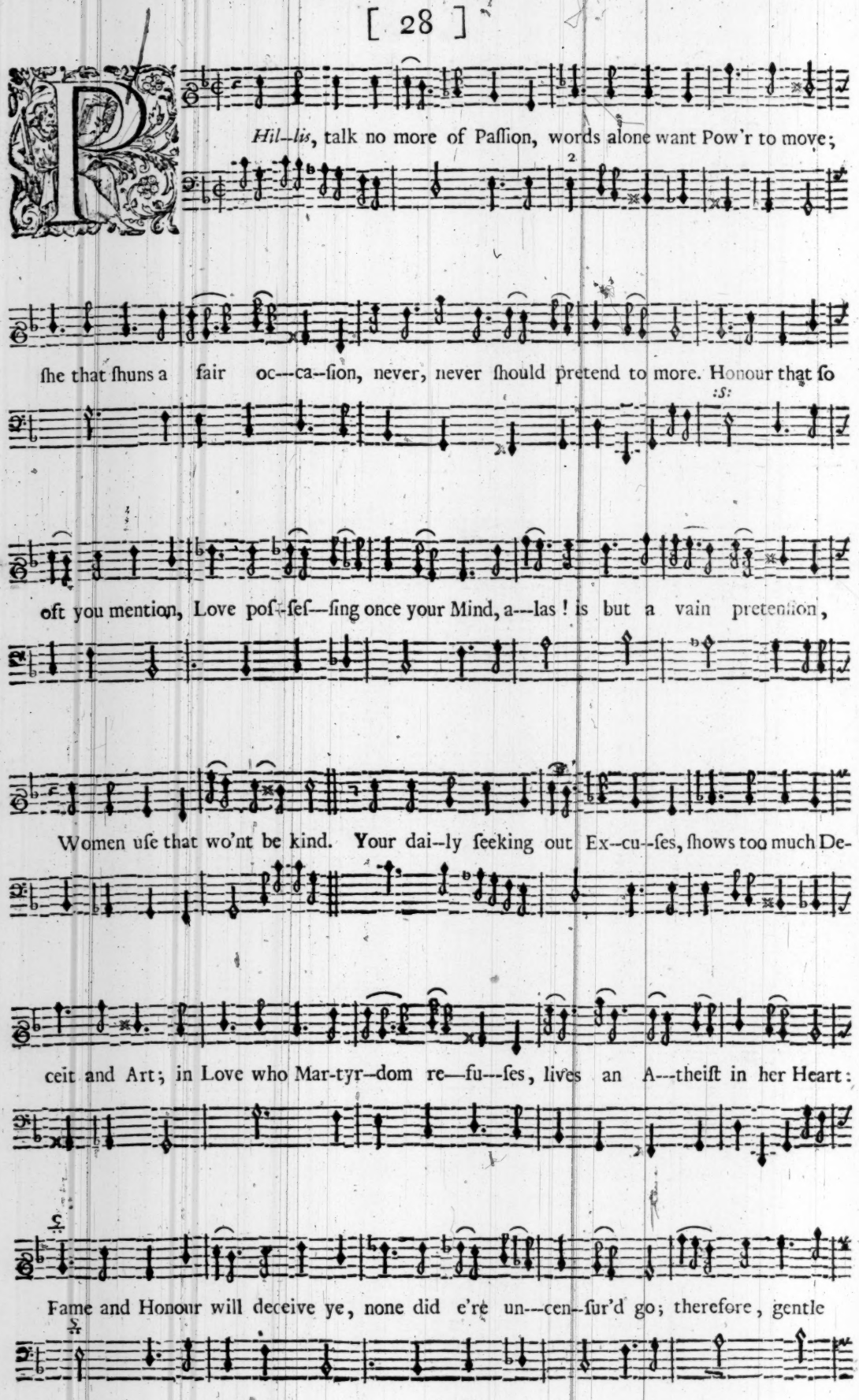
once they ſeem'd to love: From Women's Charms then ſure I'm free, for Jilts they



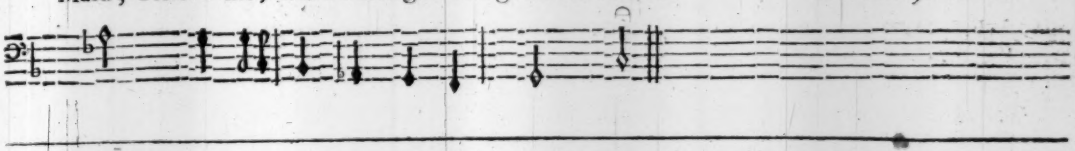
are, and e're will be.

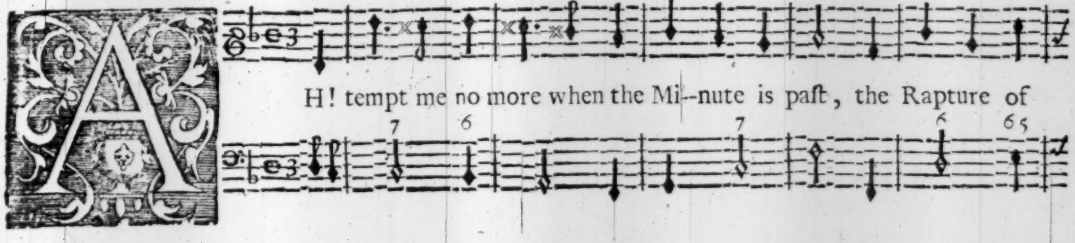
II.

They ſeem'd to love what moſt they hate,
And ſpeak the worſe of him they love;
Sure 'tis not Choice, but their curs'd Fate,
To do what ſtill they diſapprove.
May he that loves 'em jilted be,
And when too late, his Folly ſee.

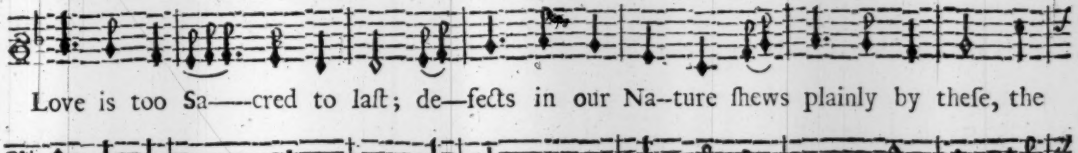

Hil--lis, talk no more of Paſſion, words alone want Pow'r to move;
ſhe that ſhuns a fair oc---ca--ſion, never, never ſhould pretend to more. Honour that ſo
oft you mention, Love poſ--ſeſ---ſing once your Mind, a---las! is but a vain pretention,
Women uſe that wo'nt be kind. Your dai--ly ſeeking out Ex--cu--ſes, ſhows too much De-
ceit and Art; in Love who Mar-tyr--dom re---fu---ſes, lives an A---theiſt in her Heart:
Fame and Honour will deceive ye, none did e're un---cen--ſur'd go; therefore, gentle

Maid, believe me, Love's the greateſt good we know. Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

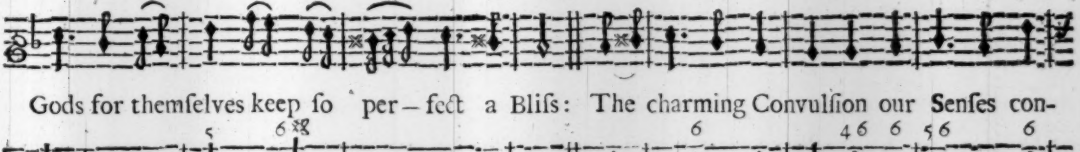




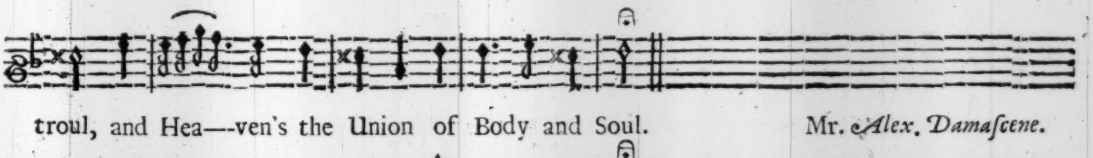
AH! tempt me no more when the Mi--nute is paſt, the Rapture of



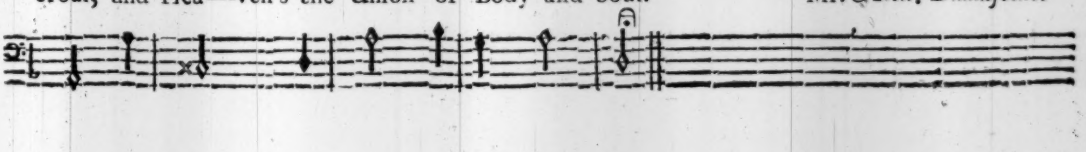
Love is too Sa——cred to laſt; de—fects in our Na--ture ſhews plainly by theſe, the



Gods for themſelves keep ſo per—fect a Bliſs: The charming Convulſion our Senſes con-



troul, and Hea—ven's the Union of Body and Soul. Mr. *Alex. Damaſcene.*



II.

Then Lovers love on, and get Heaven betimes,
He that loves well attones for the worſt of his Crimes;
Jove locks up his Gates on the Sordid and Baſe,
But the generous Lover is ſure of a Place:
Let the Nymph to her Paradiſe ne're doubt the way,
When her Lover can open the Door with his Key.

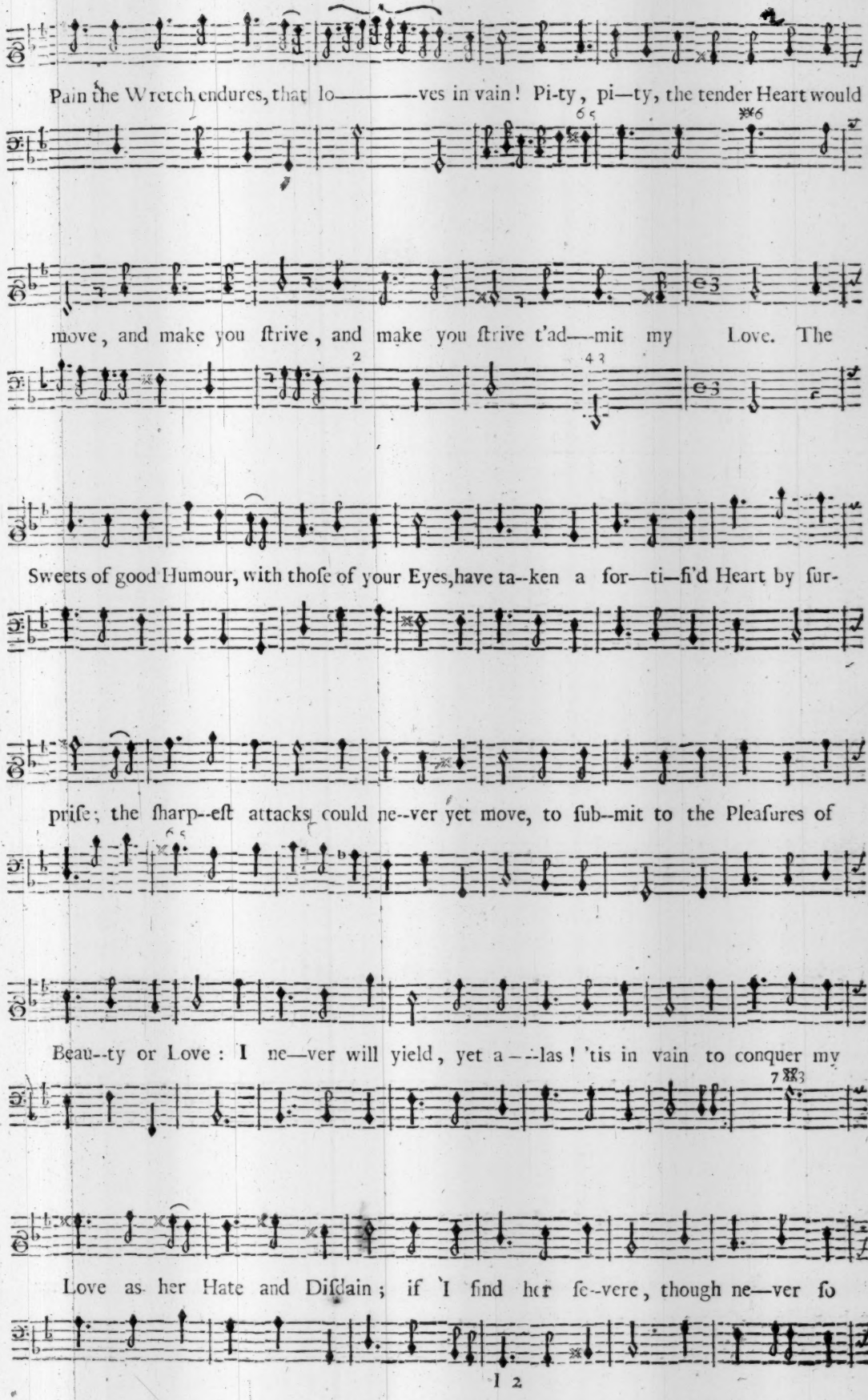
Symphony to the following Song.

SONG.

BE—neath an un—fre—quen-ted Shade, for Wret--ches a Re-

tire--ment made; poor *Da--mon* lay, and e're he dy'd, complaining, com-

plai--ning, thus to *Phil———lis* cry'd: Ah! could you feel but once what


Pain the Wretch endures, that lo———ves in vain! Pi-ty, pi—ty, the tender Heart would
move, and make you ſtrive, and make you ſtrive t'ad—mit my Love. The
Sweets of good Humour, with thoſe of your Eyes, have ta--ken a for—ti—fi'd Heart by ſur-
priſe; the ſharp--eſt attacks could ne--ver yet move, to ſub--mit to the Pleaſures of
Beau--ty or Love: I ne—ver will yield, yet a---las! 'tis in vain to conquer my
Love as her Hate and Diſdain; if I find her ſe--vere, though ne—ver ſo

fair, I'le quit all the Thoughts of thoſe Pleaſures in ſtore, and turn to that Freedom I

liv'd in be--fore.

Mr. *Samuel Akeroyd.*

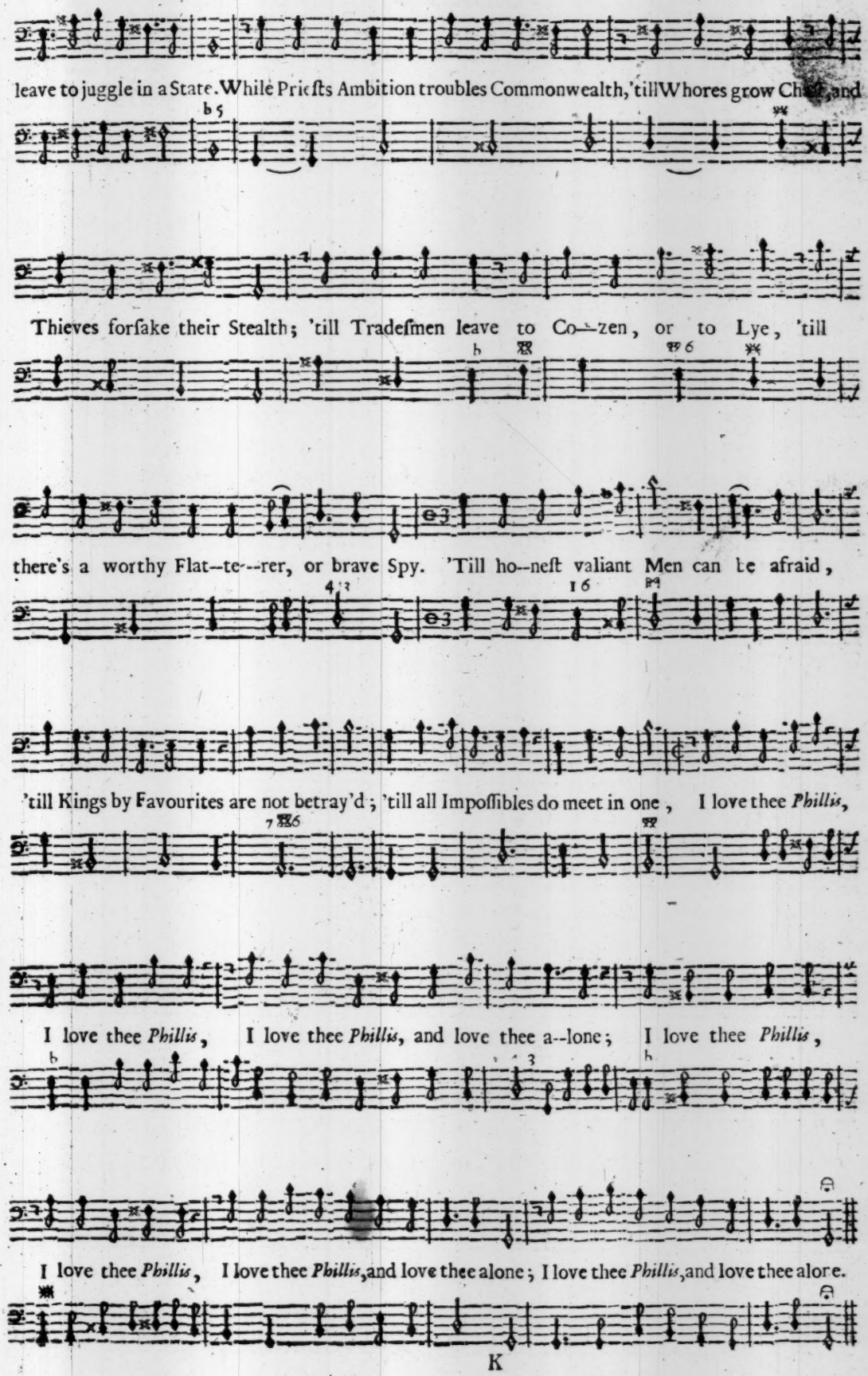
For a Baſs alone.

LOve thee 'till there ſhall be an end of mat--ter, ſo long 'till

Courtiers leave in Court to flatter; while empty Courtlings ſhall laugh, jeer, and jibe, or 'till an old lean

Judge re——fuſe a Bribe: 'Till young Men Women hate, I will love thee, 'till greedy

Lawyers ſhall renounce a Fee; and 'till de---cre--pid Miſers Mo-ney hate, or Stateſmen


leave to juggle in a State. While Prieſts Ambition troubles Commonwealth, 'till Whores grow Chaſt, and
Thieves forſake their Stealth; 'till Tradeſmen leave to Co--zen, or to Lye, 'till
there's a worthy Flat--te---rer, or brave Spy. 'Till ho--neſt valiant Men can be afraid,
'till Kings by Favourites are not betray'd; 'till all Impoſſibles do meet in one, I love thee *Phillis*,
I love thee *Phillis*, I love thee *Phillis*, and love thee a--lone; I love thee *Phillis*,
I love thee *Phillis*, I love thee *Phillis*, and love thee alone; I love thee *Phillis*, and love thee alone.

E Pow'rs that rule the World, muſt I ſtill be purſu'd by ſuch

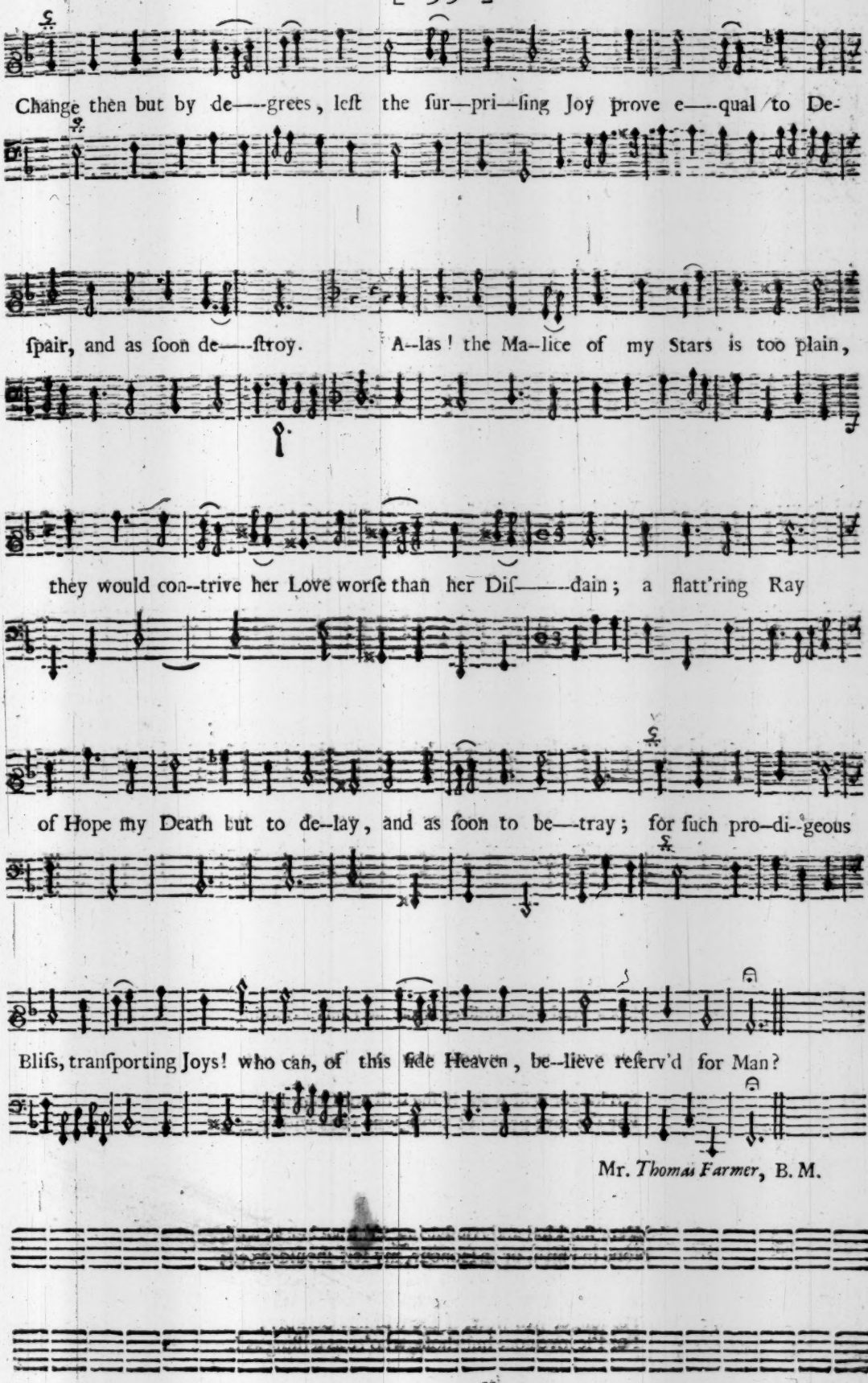
cru--el ſtrokes of De--ſti--ny? What hopes in ſtore for that poor Wretch, that lo—ving

more than a—ny e're be—fore, becomes a fa—tal Prey to the ru—ral Pow'r,

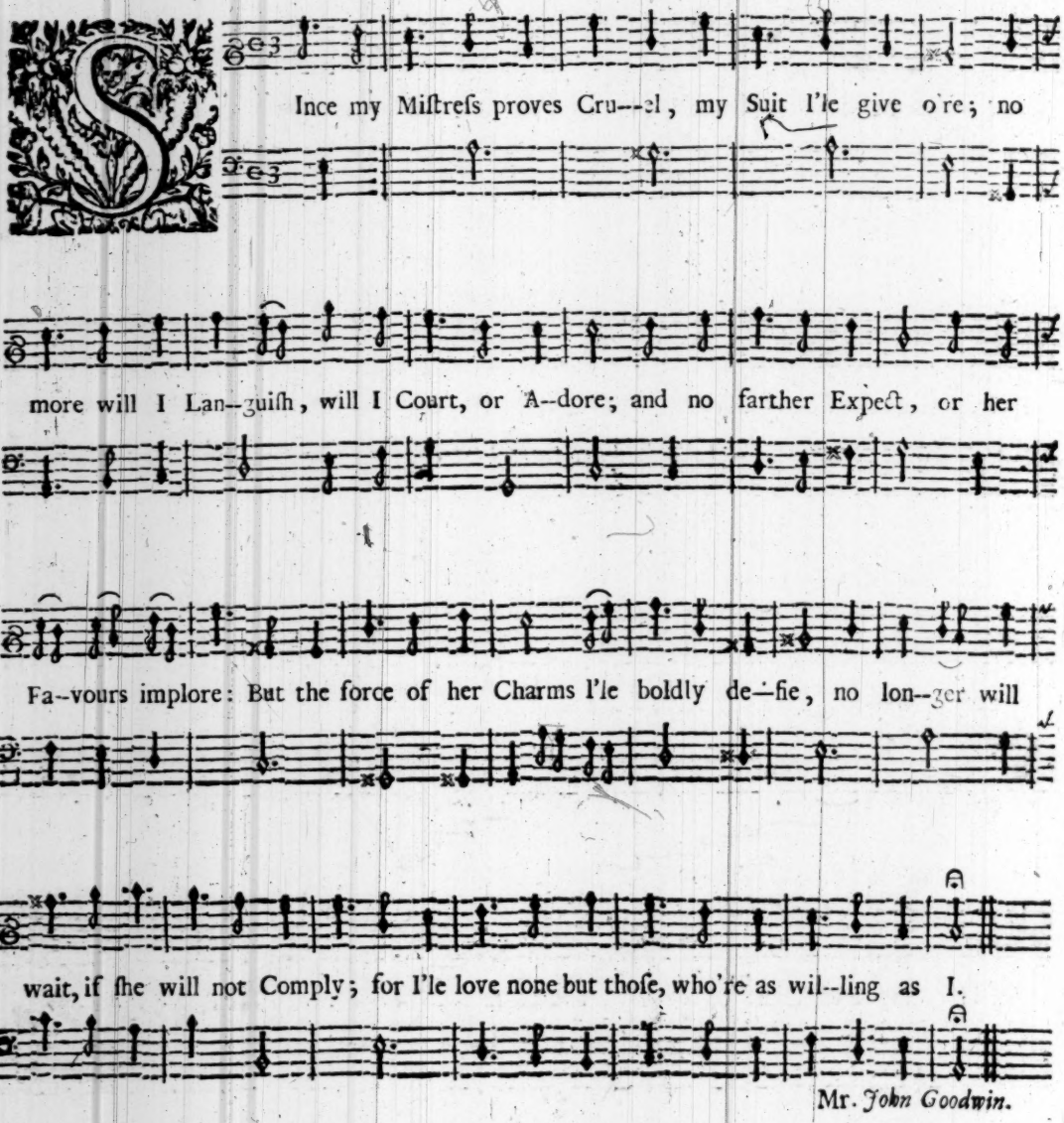
and by their Charms, feels a freſh Death each Hour? But if in time that frozen Heart could

melt, where on—ly Thoughts more cold than Ice have dwelt; could Pi—ty then take

place, and Smiles poſ—ſeſs, that plea—ſing Face that Frowns do now diſgrace:



Mr. *Thomas Farmer*, B. M.



Mr. *John Goodwin.*

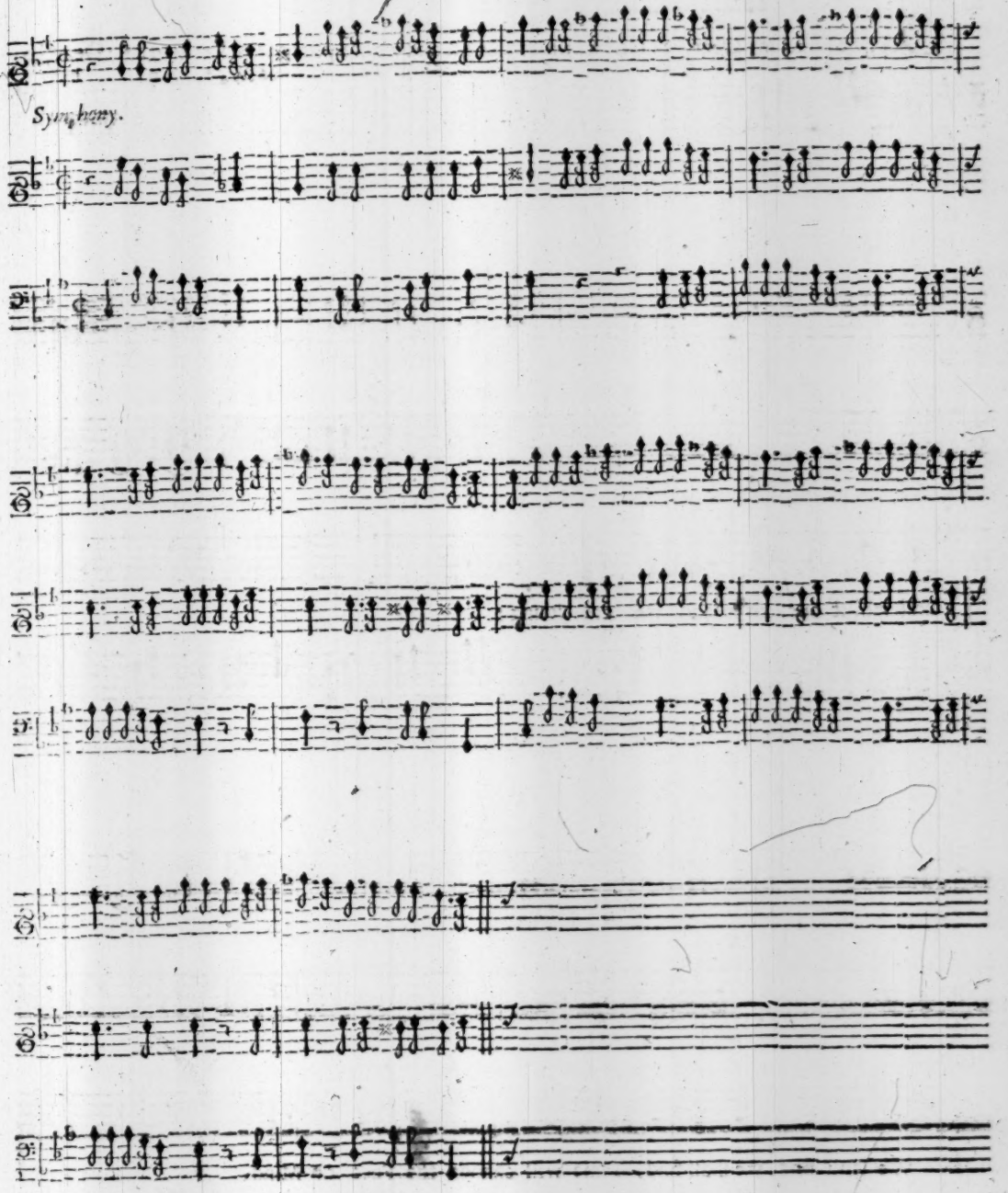
II.

He's a Fool that desires what he cannot obtain,
Or continue to love, when he knows 'tis in vain;
There are no such Endearments I find in Disdain:
For the force of her Charms I'le boldly defie,
No longer will wait, if she will not Comply;
For I'le love none but those, who're as willing as I.

III.

Were she kind and consenting, I'd love her as well,
None in Faith, or in Honour, my self should excell;
A kind Beauty is Heaven, but a froward one Hell.
And the force of her Charms I'le boldly defie,
No longer will wait, if she will not Comply;
For I'le love none but those, who're as willing as I.

A DIALOGUE *sung in the* PLAY *of* *Sir* Courtly Nice.

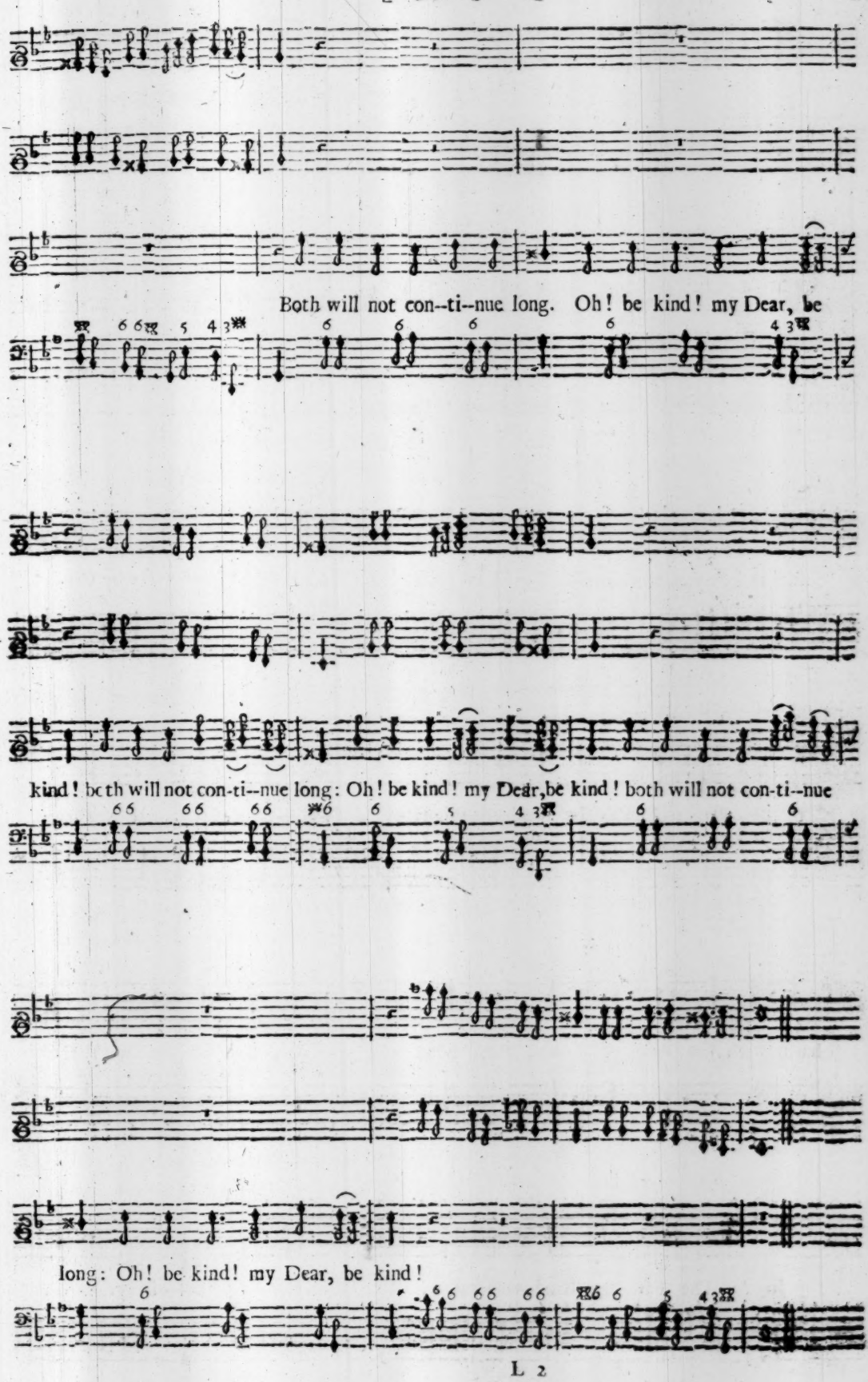


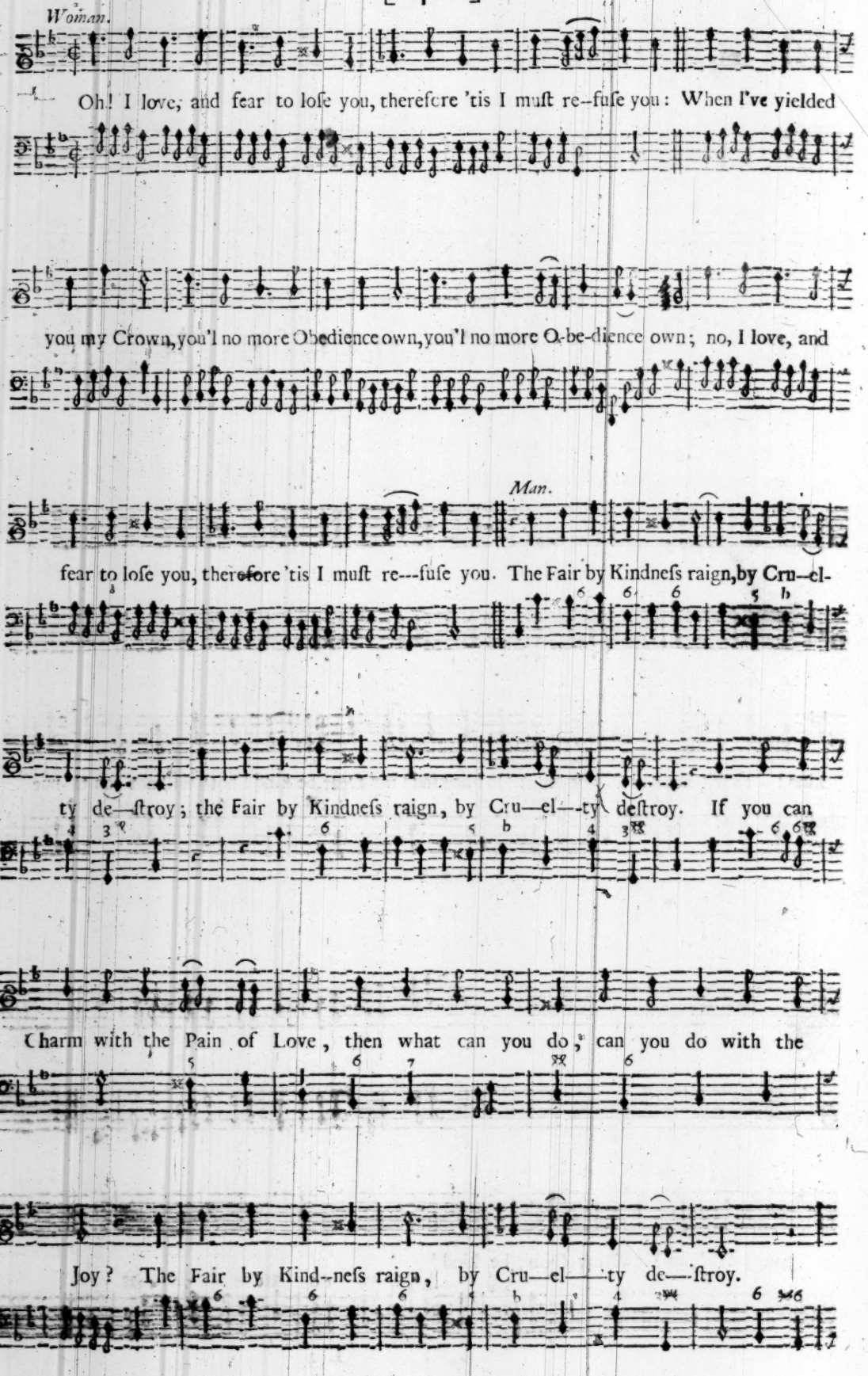
Man.

OH! be kind! my Dear, be kind! whilſt our Loves and we are young; Oh! be kind! my Dear, be

kind! whilſt our Loves and we are young:

We ſhall find, we ſhall find, Time will change the Face or Mind.


Both will not con--ti--nue long. Oh! be kind! my Dear, be
kind! both will not con-ti--nue long: Oh! be kind! my Dear, be kind! both will not con-ti--nue
long: Oh! be kind! my Dear, be kind!


Woman.
Oh! I love, and fear to loſe you, therefore 'tis I muſt re--fuſe you: When I've yielded
you my Crown, you'l no more Obedience own, you'l no more O-be-dience own; no, I love, and
Man.
fear to loſe you, therefore 'tis I muſt re---fuſe you. The Fair by Kindneſs raign, by Cru--el-
ty de—ſtroy; the Fair by Kindneſs raign, by Cru—el—ty deſtroy. If you can
Charm with the Pain of Love, then what can you do, can you do with the
Joy? The Fair by Kind--neſs raign, by Cru—el——ty de—ſtroy.

Woman. *Man.* *Woman.* *Both.*

I fear to yield, but cannot de---ny. So ſhall I: So ſhall I.

If you do not, I ſhall dye. So ſhall I.

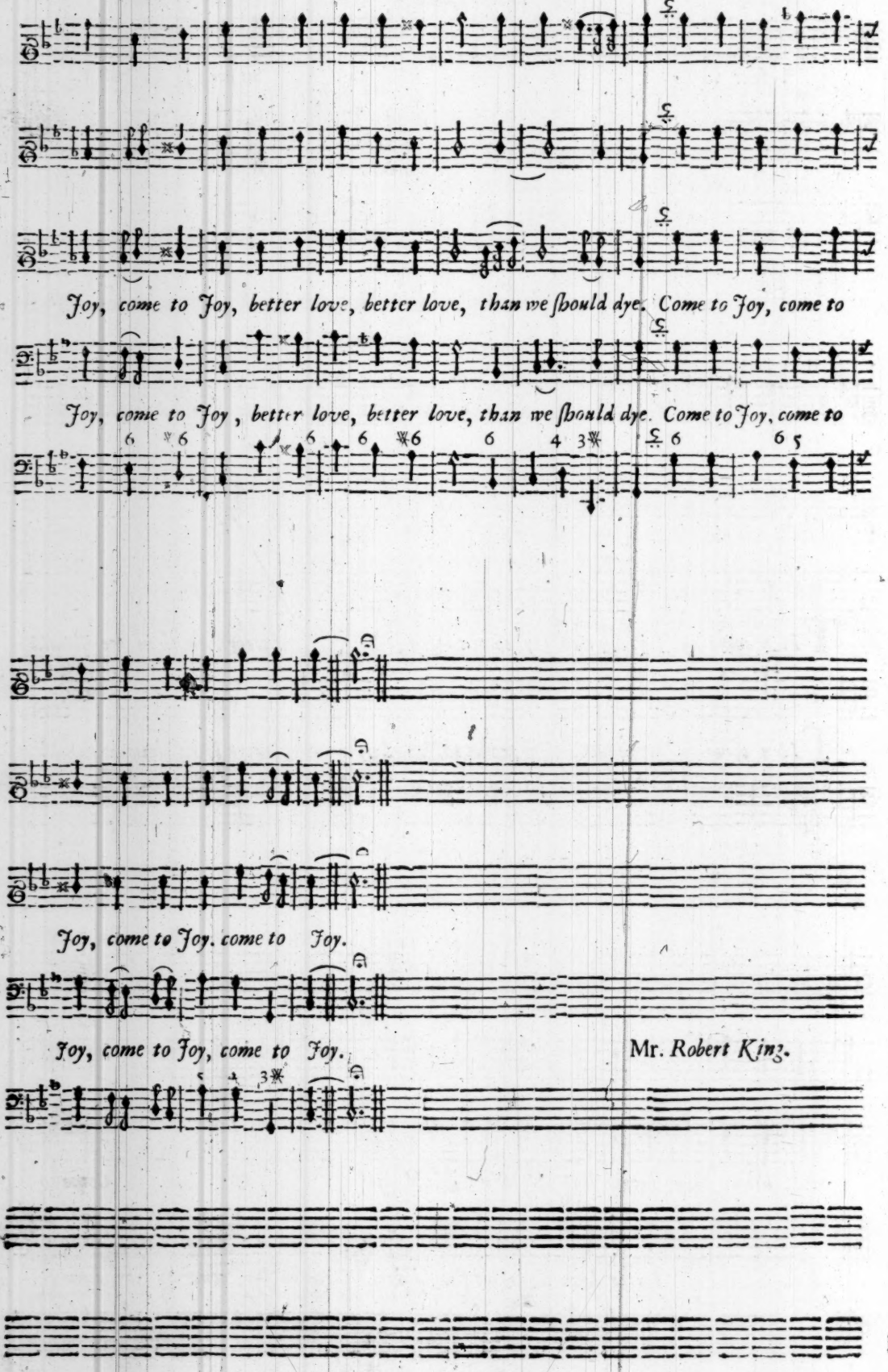
CHORUS.

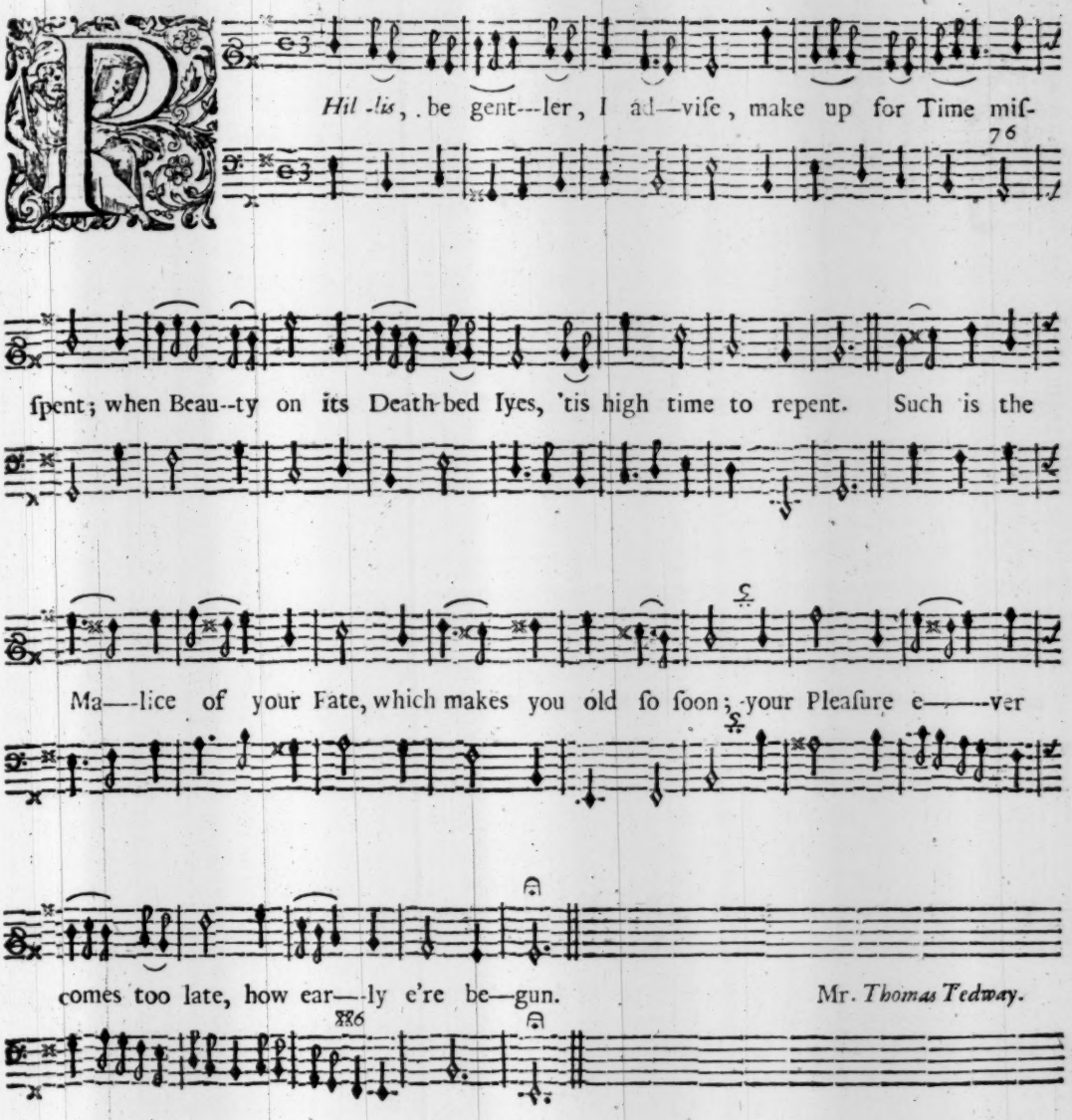
THen come to Joy, come to Joy, come to Joy, better love than we ſhould

THen come to Joy, come to Joy, come to Joy, better love, better love, than we ſhould

dye; better love, better love, than we ſhould dye. Come to

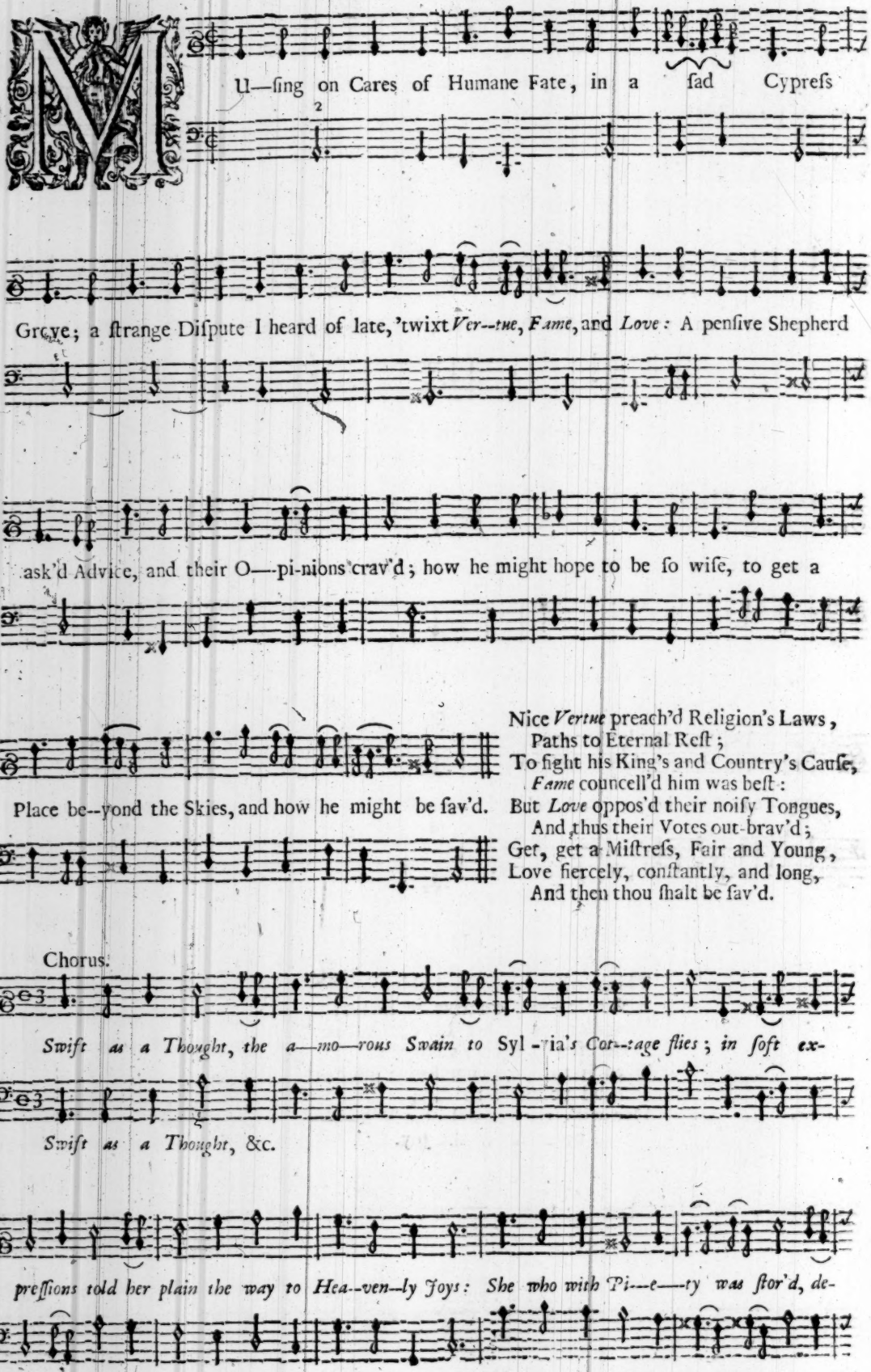
dye; better love than we ſhould dye. Come to Joy, come to Joy, come to

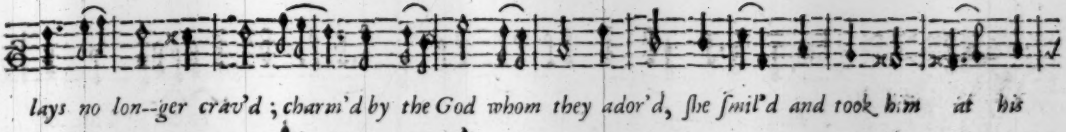

Joy, come to Joy, better love, better love, than we ſhould dye. Come to Joy, come to
Joy, come to Joy, better love, better love, than we ſhould dye. Come to Joy, come to
Joy, come to Joy. come to Joy.
Joy, come to Joy, come to Joy.
Mr. Robert King.

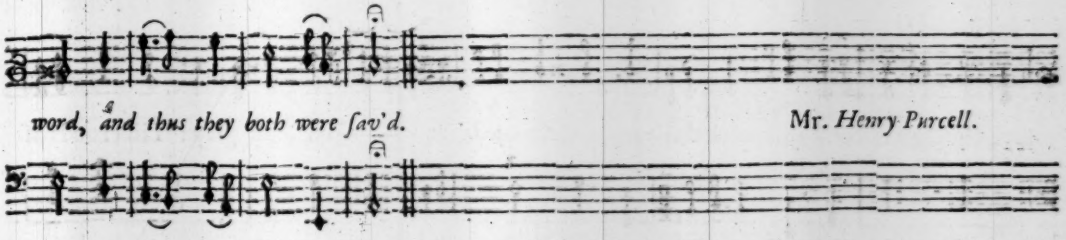


II.

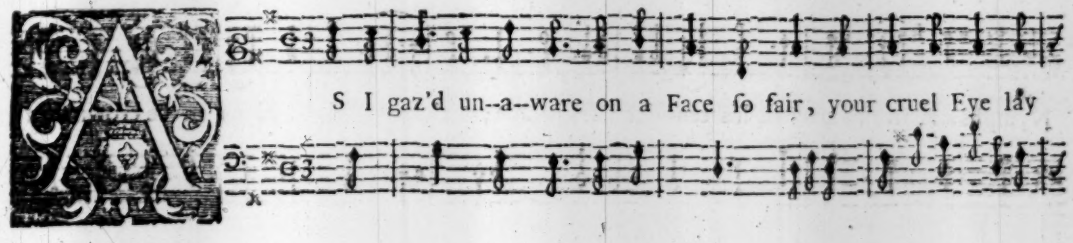
Think what a wretched thing is ſhe,
Whoſe Stars contrive in ſpight;
The Morning of her Love ſhould be
Her fading Beauty's Night:
Then if to make your Ruine more,
You'l peeviſhly be coy;
Dye with the Scandal of a Wh——
And never know the Joy.

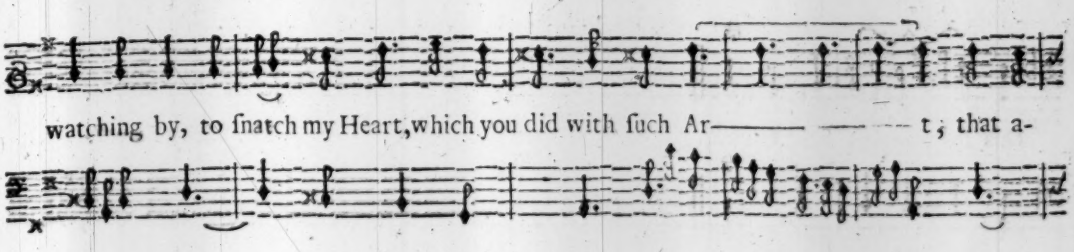

Mu—ſing on Cares of Humane Fate, in a ſad Cypreſs
Grove; a ſtrange Diſpute I heard of late, 'twixt Ver--tue, Fame, and Love: A penſive Shepherd
ask'd Advice, and their O—pi-nions crav'd; how he might hope to be ſo wiſe, to get a
Place be--yond the Skies, and how he might be fav'd.
Nice Vertue preach'd Religion's Laws,
Paths to Eternal Reſt;
To fight his King's and Country's Cauſe,
Fame councell'd him was beſt:
But Love oppos'd their noiſy Tongues,
And thus their Votes out-brav'd;
Get, get a Miſtreſs, Fair and Young,
Love fiercely, conſtantly, and long,
And then thou ſhalt be fav'd.
Chorus.
Swift as a Thought, the a—mo—rous Swain to Syl-via's Cot--tage flies; in ſoft ex-
Swift as a Thought, &c.
preſſions told her plain the way to Hea--ven--ly Joys: She who with Pi---e---ty was ſtor'd, de-

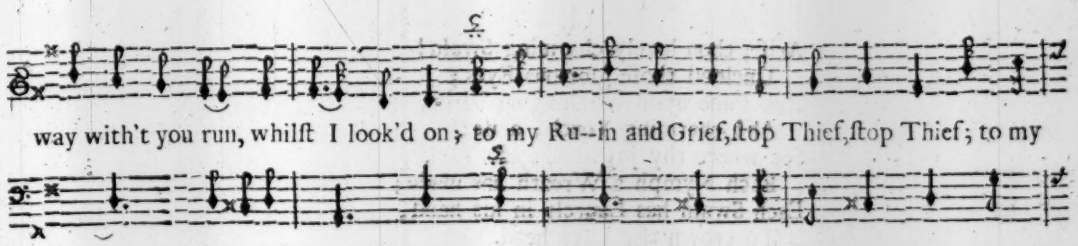


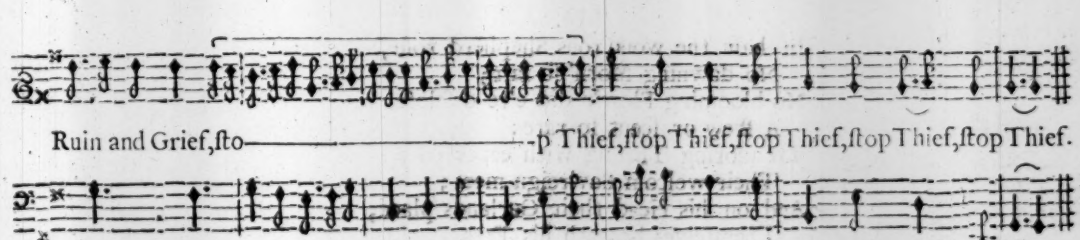


A SONG in the Play of Sir Courtly Nice.

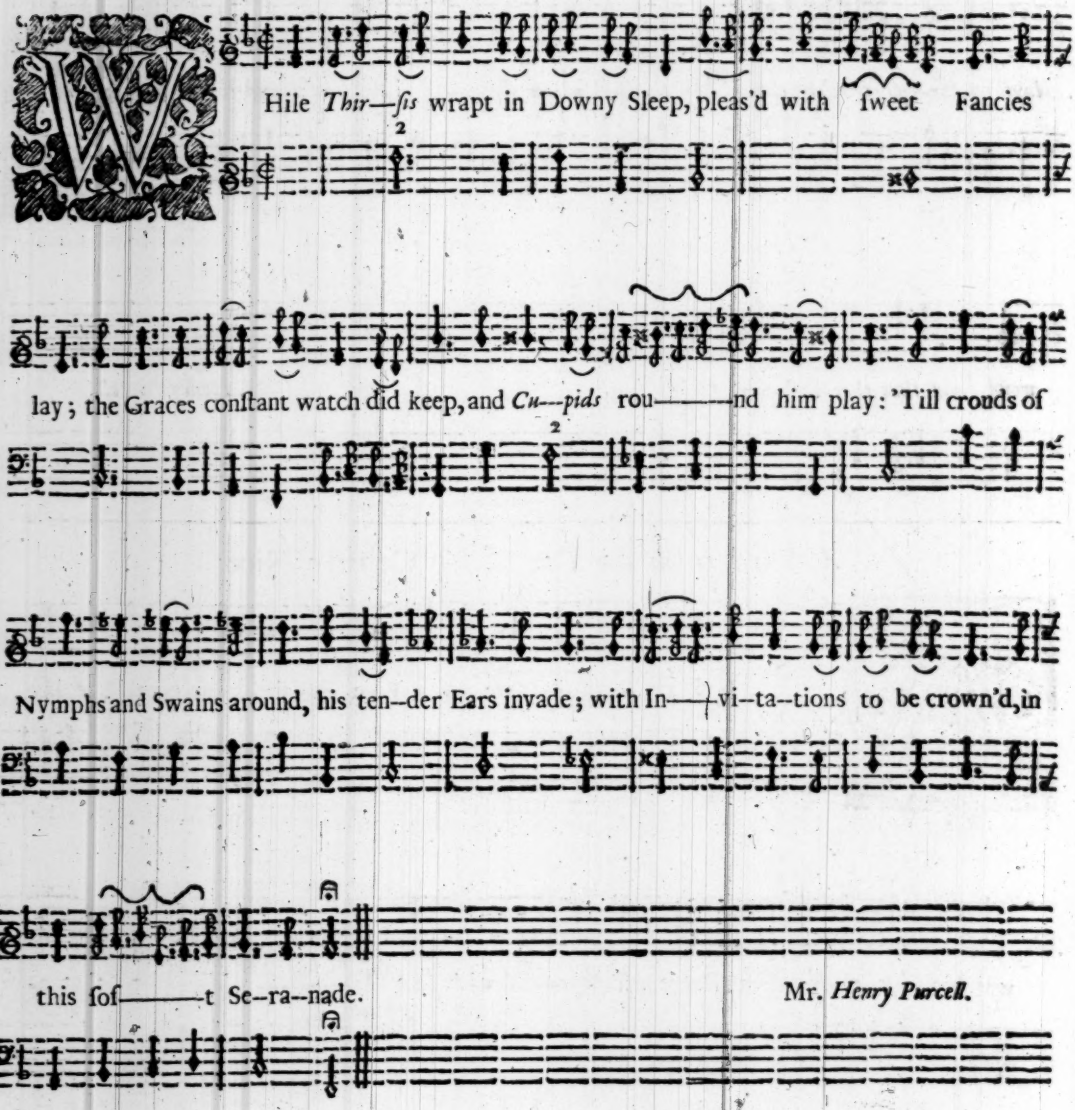








Mr. Robert King.



II.

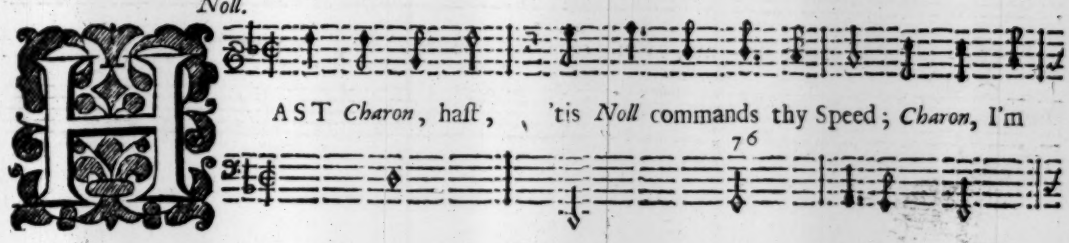
Ariſe, thou lovely charming Swain!
Uncloud thoſe glorious Eyes;
And ſhine upon the longing Plain,
Ah! charming Youth, ariſe:
See where thy joyful Subjects ſtand,
Each Nymph a Wreath has made;
Each Swain has Laurels in his hand,
To crown thy lofty head.

III.

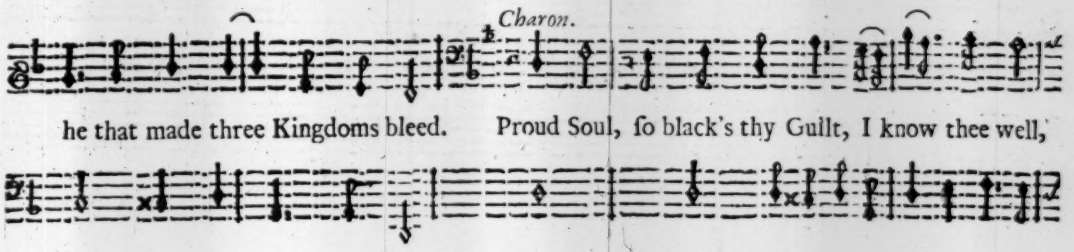
In haſt the wond'rous Shepherd roſe,
No dawning Morn' ſo fair;
No blooming Flow'r did e're diſcloſe
A ſhew or ſcent ſo rare:
Th'adoring Throng with eager pace
Their welcom Sov'reign meet;
And on his Head their Garlands place,
Themſelves beneath his Feet.

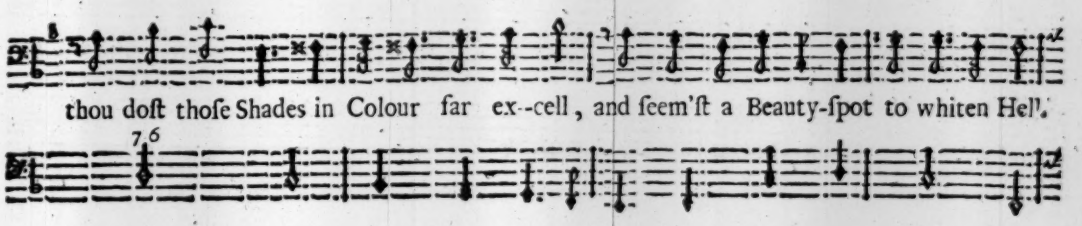
A DIALOGUE *betwixt* Oliver Cromwell *and* Charon.

Noll.

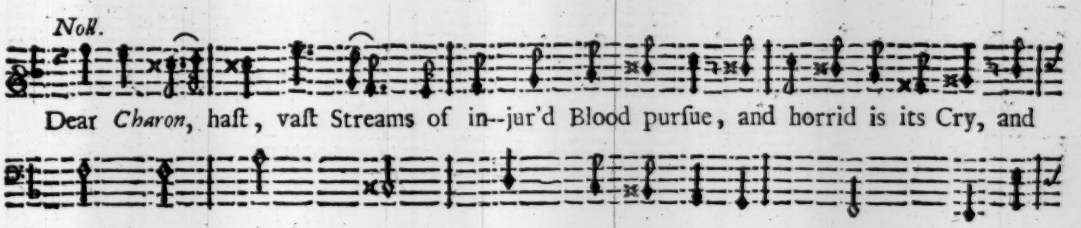


Charon.

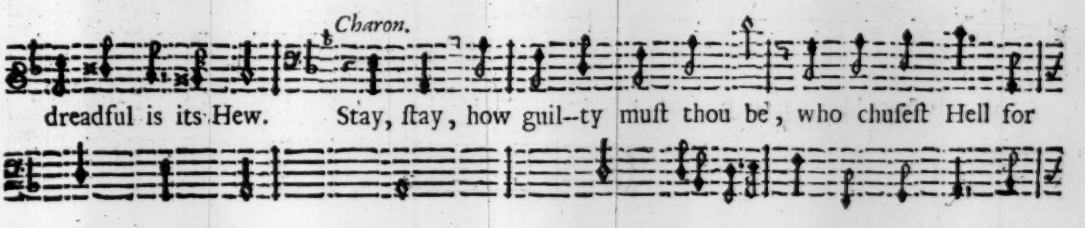


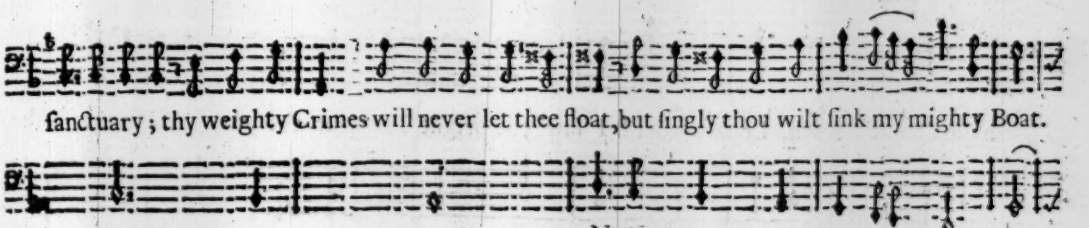


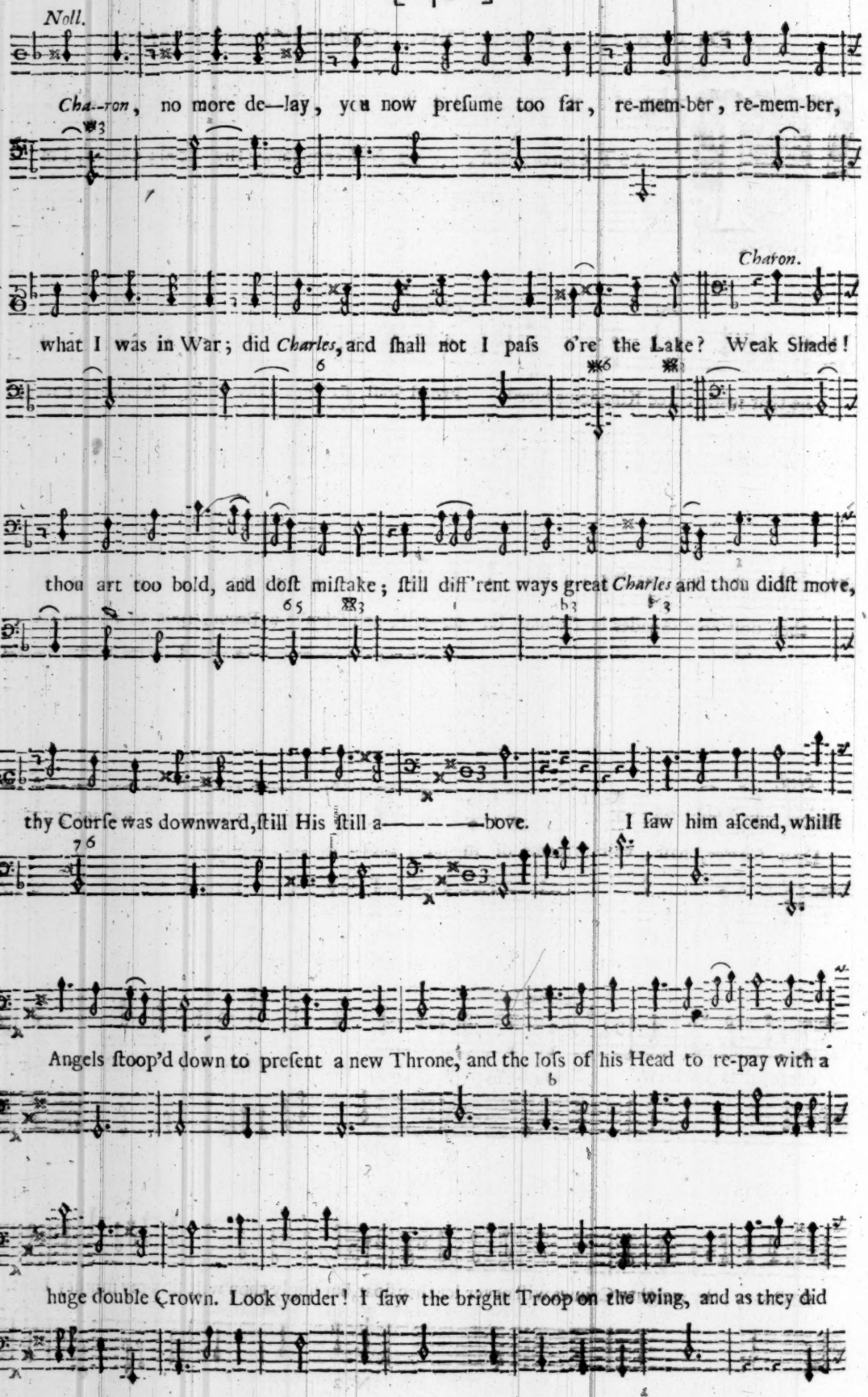
Noll.

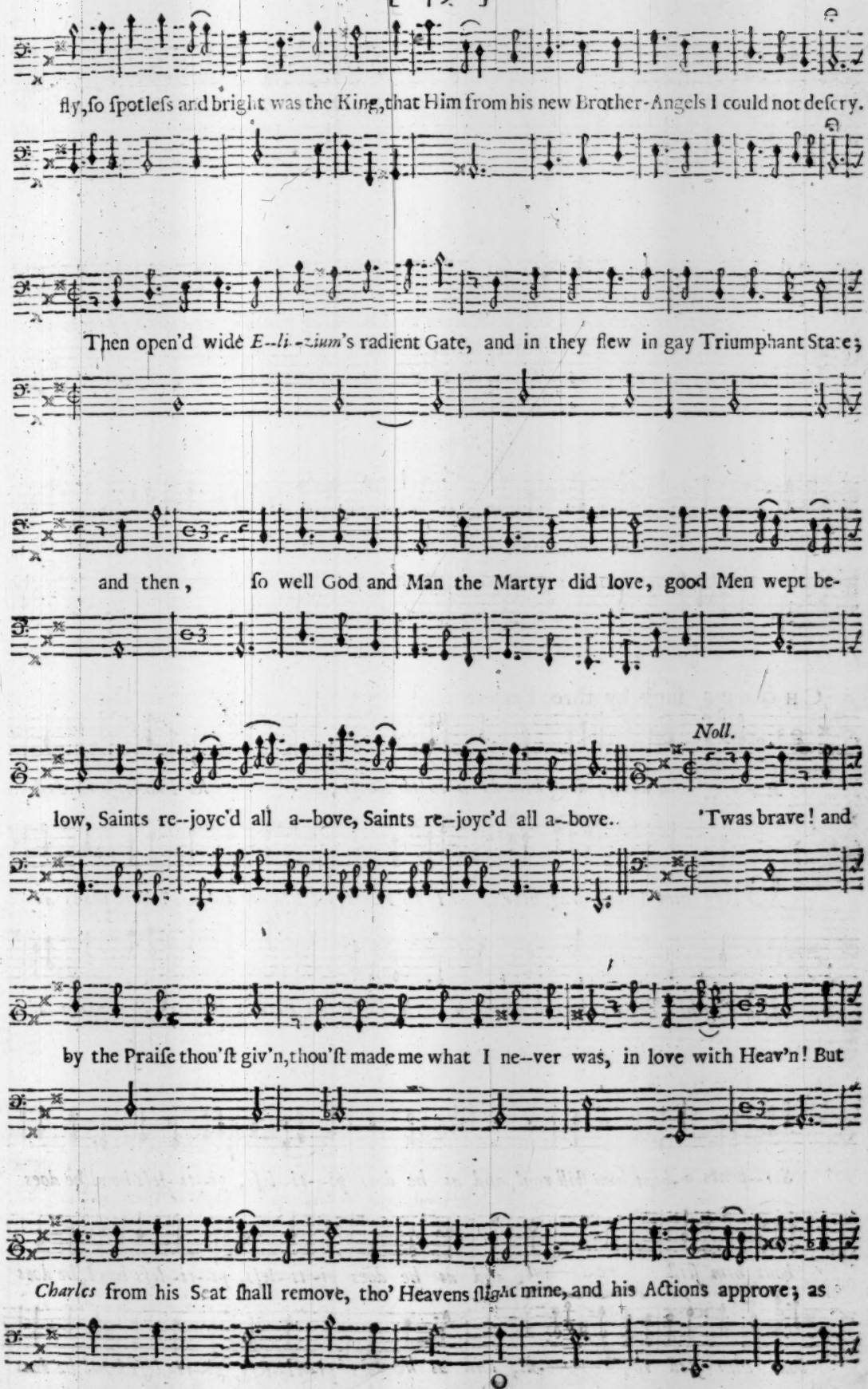


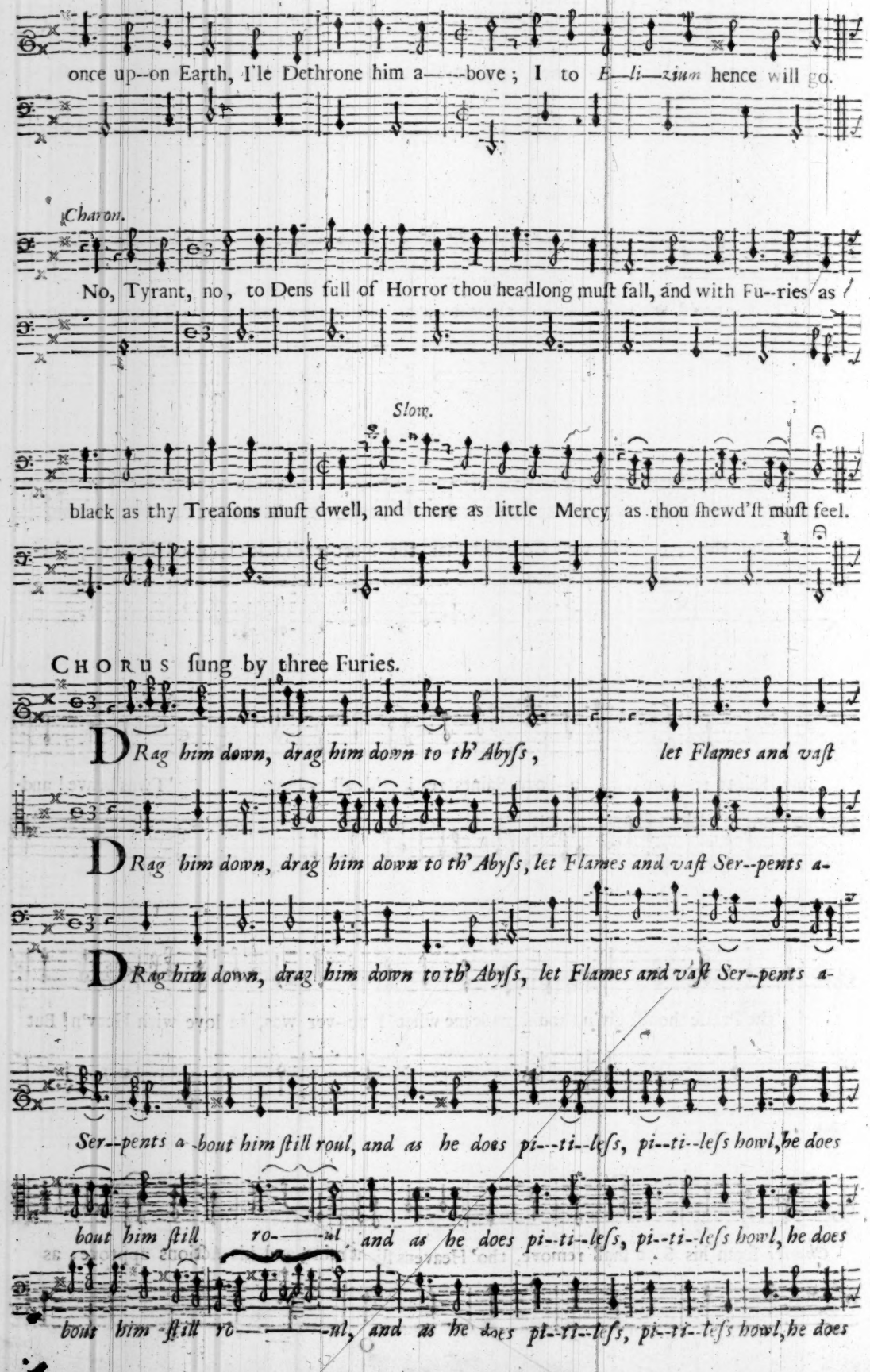
Charon.

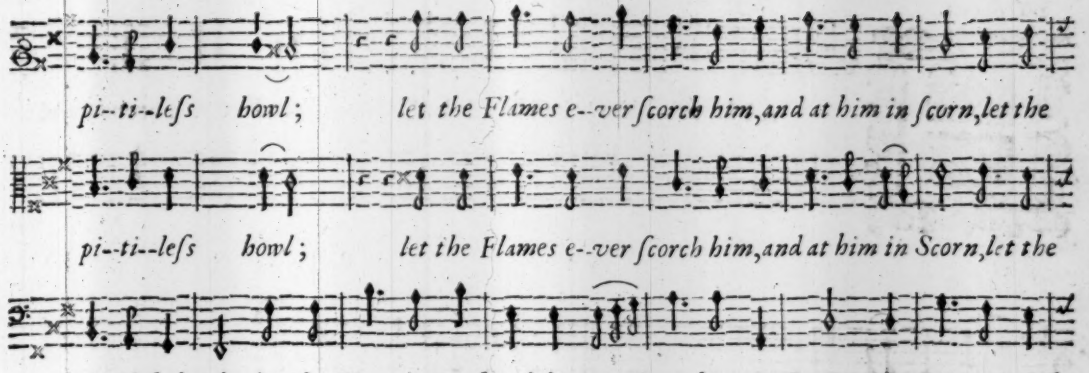


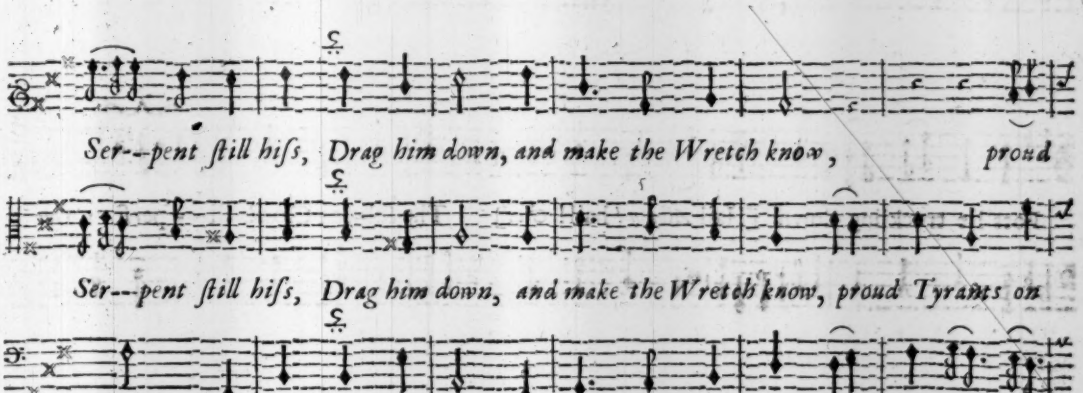


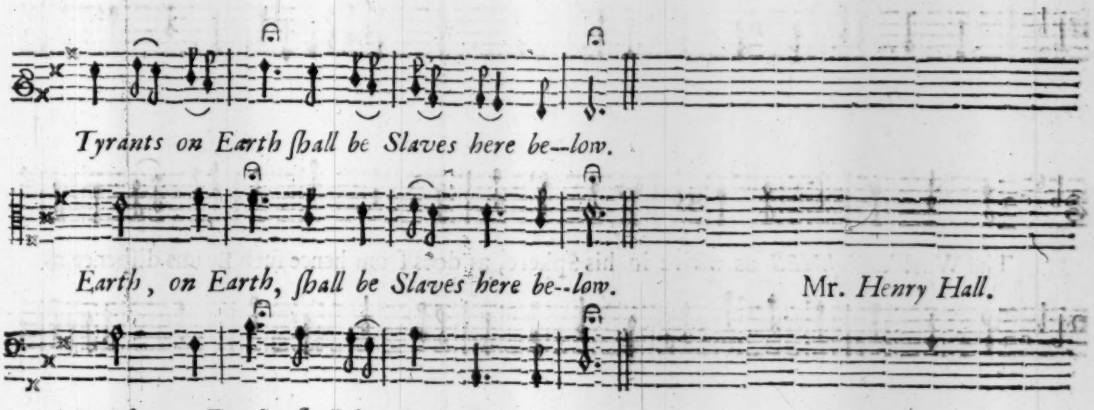

Noll.
Cha--ron, no more de—lay, you now preſume too far, re-mem-ber, re-mem-ber,
Charon.
what I was in War; did Charles, and ſhall not I paſs o're the Lake? Weak Shade!
thou art too bold, and doſt miſtake; ſtill diff'rent ways great Charles and thou didſt move,
thy Courſe was downward, ſtill His ſtill a————bove. I ſaw him aſcend, whilſt
Angels ſtoop'd down to preſent a new Throne, and the loſs of his Head to re-pay with a
huge double Crown. Look yonder! I ſaw the bright Troop on the wing, and as they did


fly, ſo ſpotleſs and bright was the King, that Him from his new Brother-Angels I could not deſcry.
Then open'd wide *E--li--zium*'s radient Gate, and in they flew in gay Triumphant State;
and then, ſo well God and Man the Martyr did love, good Men wept be-
Noll.
low, Saints re--joyc'd all a--bove, Saints re--joyc'd all a--bove. 'Twas brave! and
by the Praiſe thou'ſt giv'n, thou'ſt made me what I ne--ver was, in love with Heav'n! But
Charles from his Seat ſhall remove, tho' Heavens ſlight mine, and his Actions approve; as

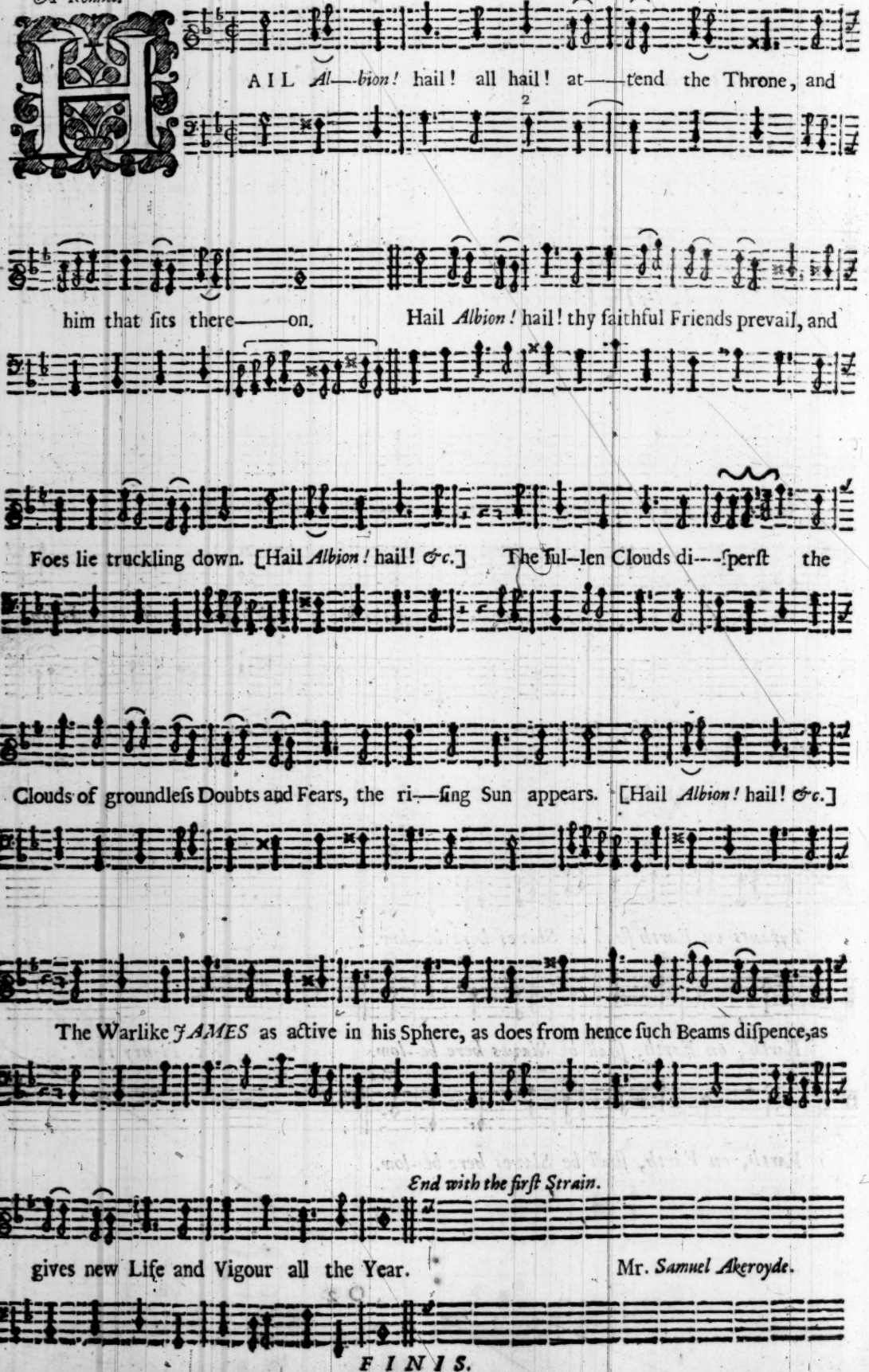

once up--on Earth, I'le Dethrone him a----bove; I to E--li--zium hence will go.
Charon.
No, Tyrant, no, to Dens full of Horror thou headlong muſt fall, and with Fu--ries as
Slow.
black as thy Treaſons muſt dwell, and there as little Mercy as thou ſhewd'ſt muſt feel.
CHORUS ſung by three Furies.
DRag him down, drag him down to th' Abyſs, let Flames and vaſt
DRag him down, drag him down to th' Abyſs, let Flames and vaſt Ser--pents a-
DRag him down, drag him down to th' Abyſs, let Flames and vaſt Ser--pents a-
Ser--pents a-bout him ſtill roul, and as he does pi---ti--leſs, pi--ti--leſs howl, he does
bout him ſtill ro----ul and as he does pi--ti--leſs, pi--ti--leſs howl, he does
bout him ſtill ro------ul, and as he does pi--ti--leſs, pi--ti--leſs howl, he does


pi--ti--leſs howl; let the Flames e--ver ſcorch him, and at him in ſcorn, let the
pi--ti--leſs howl; let the Flames e--ver ſcorch him, and at him in Scorn, let the
pitileſs howl; let the Flames ever ſcorch him, and at him in Scorn, the Serpents ſtill


Ser--pent ſtill hiſs, Drag him down, and make the Wretch know, proud
Ser--pent ſtill hiſs, Drag him down, and make the Wretch know, proud Tyrants on
hiſs, ſtill hiſs, Drag him down, and make the Wretch know, proud Tyrants on


Tyrants on Earth ſhall be Slaves here be--low.
Earth, on Earth, ſhall be Slaves here be--low.
Mr. Henry Hall.
Earth, on Earth, ſhall be Slaves here be--low.

A Round.



FINIS.